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REVIEW.

WILHELM MEISTER'S LEHRJAHRE. *Eia Roman, herausgegeben.*
von Göthe. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1816.

WE would have our readers enter, if possible, into all the feelings with which we open the volumes before us. We admire the genius of Göthe more than of any other writer of the present age. To justify this admiration we might mention the esteem in which he is held in his own country. The great scholars and critics of Germany do not hesitate to rank him by the side of Homer and Shakespeare. He has certainly far outstript all rivalry on an arena where literary competition is more eager than in any other part of the world. In his old age, he now sways an undisputed sceptre over the tastes which he himself has in a great measure formed by his writings, and is receiving the earnest of his earthly immortality in the unbounded applauses of his countrymen.

But all this might be laid to the account of national partiality. We prefer to appeal, therefore, to his writings themselves, as proofs of the superiority of his powers.

The first thing which strikes us in looking over the works of Göthe is their almost unexampled variety. There is scarcely a species of elegant literature in which he has not written, nor a mode of verse through which his harp has not freely and sweetly run. It is nothing uncommon, however, for authors to attempt all the various kinds of composition. But of those who do so, almost all palpably fail somewhere. To this remark, Göthe is one of a very few exceptions. Some of his works have been severely criticised. But we have never seen it written in any respectable criticism, that Göthe had absolutely failed. His healthy and versatile powers seem to execute as easily as his daring fancy designs. When his whole soul has appeared to be cast into some fixed form of imagi-

nation, it has instantly assumed other attitudes, equally perfect, though wholly unlike. We can think of many who might perhaps have written the 'Sorrows of Werther.' But, judging from what is usually observed, their other works would have come forth 'sicklied over with the pale cast' of a diseased and wasted imagination. The later works of Göthe, however, bear not a trace of this early excess of passion. His vigorous mental constitution survived the indiscretions, which would have ruined a weaklier frame. He recovered at once the natural tone of his mind. And while the works of most authors bear a striking family resemblance, no two of his are alike.

The inventors of an art are rarely its greatest masters. The talents and labors of others are generally needed to bring it to perfection. But Göthe has given models in several species of writing which were entirely new. His *Sorrows of Werther*, *Egmont*, *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, and many others had no example in Germany. And yet he gave them a perfection which none of his numerous imitators have been able to attain. The '*Wanderungen Sternbald*' of Tieck, and the '*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*' of Novalis, are excellent imitations of the work now in review. But both of them, though very popular, are allowed, on all hands, to be inferior to the original. What Paterculus said of Homer, may therefore justly be said of Göthe: '*In quo hoc maximum est, quod neque ante illum, quem ille imitaretur, neque post illum qui eum imitari posset, inventus est.*'

But we must omit any general account of the monuments of Göthe's genius. And we can do this the more willingly, as only a part of the interest which we feel in him is derived from the superiority of his powers. We are drawn to his pages by the humane, philanthropic spirit which pervades them, more than by all the versatility, originality and power of talent which they display. Here is the secret of the greatness of his present reputation and the evidence of his future immortality. He has a hold upon the hearts of men. Commanding talents, unaccompanied by benevolent dispositions may extort a reluctant homage for a season. But this will soon cease to be paid, like the forced duty to a tyrant, while men of distant times and other lands will pay their affectionate tributes to the memory of those who have sympathized with human feelings, and loved and honored human kind. Göthe frequently laments his early associates:

'The circle where my youthful rhymes
With loud applause were spoken,
Is changed with the changing times,
Is broken, ah! is broken!'

But the unknown multitude which rises around him continue the same loud applause with which he was at first received; and so it

will be, we cannot doubt, from age to age, while human nature shall continue the same.

The book, the title of which is prefixed to this article, is little known in this country. Any minute examination of the merit of particular scenes and personages would, therefore, be uninteresting and unprofitable. Moreover, we despair of giving a just impression of the whole by any number of extracts. Finished works always sustain an injury when represented in this way. Splendid passages are oftenest found, where they are most needed, in the midst of dreary pages; like light-houses on desolate coasts. They are no part of the object of Göthe, who aims at the perfection of the whole, and at the general impression. We propose, therefore, to consider more generally the particular species of romance to which Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre* belongs, to examine this work by the rules of this particular species, and to defend it from some of the objections of the critics.

We must be allowed a somewhat formal statement of the different kinds of romance; since most of the objections especially of the English critics, arise evidently from inattention to the proper divisions.

The three great objects of romantic writing are *action*, *passion*, and *character*; and romances are called, according as one or the other of these is the specific object, *romances of chivalry*, *of sentiment*, and *of character*. These kinds seem frequently to be blended in the same work. But even where this is the case, there is generally one prominent object, to the attainment of which the other kinds are made subservient.

The romance of chivalry aims at the interest of action. It requires rapidity, variety and complexity of incident, dramatic plot and catastrophe. In the wonders and terrors of its scenes, human passion and human character find but little place, and truth to nature is intentionally violated. The writer of the romance of chivalry must possess a strong inventive imagination; but may easily dispense with knowledge of man, observation of society, taste, reason, and almost every quality which is requisite in other composition. This kind of romance flourished most, as we should naturally suppose, in the dark ages. Familiar examples in this kind are the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, the *Oberon* of Wieland, the romances of Mrs. Radcliff, the *Arabian Nights*, and a thousand more of less note—once the miserable classics both of rich and poor, but now, happily, supplanted by a less injurious reading.

The romance of sentiment is of an entirely opposite character. Here the great theme is passion. Only a few and unimportant incidents are needed as the basis of the work. Deep, single, overwhelming passion forms the all-absorbing interest. The '*Sorrows*

of Werther' and the 'Nouvelle Heloise' are the principal works which are purely of this class.

The third kind, the romance of character, aims at displaying human character in all the circumstances of life. Here everything depends upon the faithfulness of the picture to the real world. Both incidents and passions are of course involved. Passions, however, are represented with less unity, and with more abatements, than in tragedy and the romance of sentiment; and incidents occur in a more just proportion of great and small, and in a more broken order than in the romance of chivalry. The works belonging to this class may be conveniently subdivided. Those which have subjects of historical importance, which are less faithful in their representation of real life, which lay their scenes in distant countries and past times compose one class. A second contains those which exhibit the plain realities of common and present life, and which, while they embellish the scene with wit and genius, are strictly faithful to nature. The novels of Scott and Cooper belong to the former class, which is by far the most popular in England and America. Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Sir Charles Grandison, Tom Jones and Wilhelm Meister are prominent examples of the latter class.

This third kind of romance has deservedly taken precedence of both the others in modern times. And not only in romantic writing is the representation of character becoming the great and worthy object, but it has also been attempted in the drama. Before the experiment was made, it was generally supposed that a fair delineation of character in natural circumstances was inconsistent with the excitement of pity and compassion, the great end of tragedy. But the *Egmont* of Göthe has illustriously demonstrated that this supposition was groundless.

The romance of character requires greater talent, and exerts a more salutary influence than either of the other kinds.

Romances of chivalry require less talent than any other works of imagination. To conduct fantastic forms through enchanted regions which are beyond the province of taste and reason can certainly be no very difficult task. Any one who will give the reins to his fancy will soon find himself matching the wildest extravagances of which he has ever read. Inventive imagination, as was said above, is the great requisite in this species of fiction. And this faculty is the very least attribute of genius. It always prevails in barbarous ages, and gives way as cultivation advances. Creating monsters and heaping up prodigies are vulgar exploits in comparison with representing either passion or character.

In displaying human passion, both skill and genius are indeed requisite; but not, we think, in so high a degree as in displaying human character. The stronger passions which are the common

subject of tragedy and of romances of sentiment, are distinct in their features, violent in their movements, visible in their effects and supreme in their dominion over the mind. The writer who undertakes to describe them has the advantage of having marked, prominent and single objects of representation. Consider too how every thing favors his success. Let him utter but one tone of feeling and the whole soul murmurs in secret sympathy. Let him evoke but one passion and others come trooping at the call, like spirits at the summons of a wizard. The human mind is constituted so favorably for the purposes of excitement and impression, that the writer or orator needs but one portion of inspiration in order to fill it with the most tumultuous and delightful emotions.

How much more difficult is the work of one who would portray human character! His field is boundless. The objects of his art are covert and complex. He needs therefore a wide and minute observation of society, and a nice analysis of mental phenomena. Instead of connecting events, at pleasure, into striking combinations, or concentrating the emotions of the soul into one burning focus, he must follow the path of nature, and violate none of the fixed laws of feeling and acting. As common men and things which are in themselves uninteresting to the great mass of readers, must constitute his principal material, he must supply the want of inherent interest by the riches of his own mind. He must ennoble the common subject by his manner of treating it. He must suffuse his faithful picture with the glowing tints of genius.

A comparison of the moral influence of the different kinds of romance will turn equally to the advantage of the third class.

Romances of chivalry and sentiment are directly injurious in their tendency. By enlisting the hearts of their readers in heroic exploits, and in extravagant joys and sorrows, they create disgust for common life. They substitute all the sickly growth of sentimentality for old fashioned worth. Affected delicacy, morbid sensibility and ungoverned passion are the virtues of these romantic scenes, which are to take the place of firmness, reason and religion. The readers of these attractive pages soon forget their friends and relatives, to take the spear for some mad Orlando, or to echo the complaints with which a forlorn Silvander makes all Arcadia resound. In this way these romances spoil the character and turn the brains of almost all who read them. Their influence is equally pernicious with that of theatric exhibitions, at the same time that it is more extensive. For they find their way into the library of almost every family in almost every condition. Wherever they go they violate the order and peace of the domestic relation—the only social relation which is essential to human happiness. If men are driven from their homes, either by their own distaste for quiet pleasures, or by

the disorders which prevail within them, can they be made happy merely as neighbors or citizens? But let misfortune from without follow them to their very doors, if it leaves the peace within inviolate, it leaves them happy. Considered in their influence upon the domestic virtues, we regard these romances as greater evils to the human race than civil disorders, oppression and injustice of every kind. And if the *Iliad* was banished by Plato from his republic, these execrable fictions should by a far stronger reason be banished by every wise man from his dwelling. They will destroy the peace and virtue of that sacred place, which affords him an asylum from persecution, repose from labor, an altar for his religion, and a tender ministry for all his wants, both in the day of prosperity and on the bed of sickness and death.

But none of these evils, we are free to say, result from romances of character. This point should be particularly observed, since from a neglect of the proper distinctions, romantic writing has been condemned in the gross as injurious in its moral tendency. Romances of character present to their readers only such persons as actually exist around them, such duties as they themselves are called to perform, and such pleasures as belong to their condition. To the common observer the whole world of human character is one monotonous level. The springs of human action are concealed from him; whence human action itself is an enigma so dark as to be uninteresting. Now by unfolding these hidden springs, and by displaying the nicer varieties of character, these romances lead us to look on man with a more intelligent and interested eye. They cast a charm over domestic virtues, and thus render the path of duty a path of pleasantness. When, with the moral aim, which is consistent with the most perfect imitation of the real world, the romance of character gives honor to the worthy relations of life and commends the household virtues of obedience to parents, love to brethren, faith to friends, kindness to servants and hospitality to strangers, who can doubt its beneficial tendency? We return from the fancied scene where our social affections have been moved with a healthful because moderate excitement, and look upon those around us with a kindlier eye than before, and perform our allotted works with new vigor and constancy.

We regard these writings as especially beneficial in counteracting the misanthropic tendencies of much of the literature of the present day. Byron leads us to wildernesses 'where none intrude,' and sentences us to an artificial fellowship with mountains and lakes, where like the puppet man, one is compelled to carry on all the dialogue himself, or, at best, will only be answered by an echo. Against these unsocial dispositions, the writings of Göthe, Scott, and others who follow the same path, are an excellent antidote. This

preferring of inanimate nature to sentient and rational being, as the object of description, betokens not only depraved feeling but second rate talent. True genius, like Wisdom in the Proverbs, finds her delights among the sons of men. The opinions of Göthe, on this subject will be interesting to our readers. William Meister and Philena were in an agreeable *tete a tete* in a wood.

"A young man of their acquaintance came stealing along, and joined himself to their company. He immediately began to praise the beauties of the place. He called their attention to the gurgling of the brook, the motion of the branches, the falling of the light, and the singing of the birds. But he took affront at a little song about a cuckoo, which Philena sung, and soon left them.

"I should be glad never to hear another syllable about nature and natural scenery," said Philena, as soon as he was gone. "There is nothing more provoking than to have one always accounting for the pleasure which we enjoy. We go to walk when the weather is fine, just as we dance when we hear music. But who cares either for the music or the weather? It is not the violin, but the dancer that interests us. And what are springs, and brooks and old rotten trees in comparison with looking with two blue eyes into two fine black eyes," said she, casting a glance into William's eyes, which went at least to the door of his heart.

"You are right" answered William, somewhat disconcerted. "Man is the most interesting object to man, and it is doubtful whether anything else should interest him at all. Everything else around us is either the element only in which we live, or the instruments which we make use of. The more concern we take in inanimate nature, the less is the feeling of our own worth, and the feeling of society. Men who think a great deal about gardens, buildings, dress, ornament or possessions of any kind, are less social and agreeable than others.* Man disappears from their view."

After these extended remarks upon the species of romance to which this work belongs, we proceed to examine the work itself, considered as answering the end proposed—the *display of human character in all the circumstances of life*.

The hero of these volumes, William Meister, is the son of a merchant. His history may be told in a few words, though the developement of his character forms the delightful subject of more than a thousand pages. With genuine German enthusiasm, he answers the sober arguments of Werner, his partner in trade, throws off the bondage of an employment in which he feels himself unhappy, and surrenders himself to the impulses of youthful feeling. He becomes connected with a company of stage actors,—a class of men, which comprises in Germany a large number of critics, virtuosi, writers and artists. In following the fortunes of this company, he passes through every variety of condition, from the village inn to the magnificent palace. Wherever he goes he excites attention, secures esteem, and inspires confidence and love. His generosity attaches to his person a number of singular beings, among whom the most interesting is Mignon, the prototype of the celebrated Fenella of Scott. With the most disinterested benevolence he befriends these

* Schiller has ingeniously traced this tendency to interest in inanimate nature, (which is so observable in modern literature, though it is entirely wanting in early writers,) to its proper source in his 'Naive and sentimentalische Dichtury.'

helpless outcasts. In the mean time his person becomes improved, his principles fixed, his mind enlarged, and his whole character perfected. Near the close of the work he meets with his old friend Werner, who, all this time, had been neglecting the cultivation of his nature, and unfitting himself for the enjoyment of the wealth which he had been accumulating. The scene of their meeting exhibits one of the interesting morals of the work. The body and mind are ennobled, and the whole being harmonized, by the practice of virtue, and careful cultivation. While, on the contrary, the whole man is debased by sordid pursuits and neglect of improvement.

"Jarno and the Abbé returned at night, and brought a friend along with them. William could hardly believe his own eyes. It was Werner. They greeted each other very cordially; but could neither of them conceal their surprise at the alterations which they noticed in each other. Werner declared that William had grown larger, more erect, finished and agreeable in his whole deportment.

"The impression which Werner made upon William was far less favorable. The good man seemed to have gone backwards rather than forwards. He was even more spare than formerly. His face naturally thin appeared still thinner. His nose was longer, and his forehead and crown were quite bald. His voice was high-toned, strong, and screeching. His sunken chest, impending shoulders and colorless cheeks gave sure signs that he had become a plodding hypochondriac.

"William's modesty led him to speak very moderately about those great changes in his friend. But Werner gave full vent to his surprise. 'In fact' said he, 'I must acknowledge that you are a fine fellow, although you have wasted your time, and earned little or nothing. With such a person you may still make your fortune, if you don't throw yourself away again. This figure might win you a beautiful and rich heiress.

"Werner went round and round his friend, turned him this way and that, until he almost provoked him. 'No! no! I never saw any thing like it' he exclaimed; 'and yet I'm sure I am not mistaken. Your eyes are more full. Your forehead is broader, your nose finer and your mouth richer. Just see how he stands! There's symmetry and proportion for you! How this idleness thrives! While I, poor devil, (he turned to the looking-glass,)—if I hadn't got rich in the mean time,—I should have but little to boast of.'"

The brief sketch we have given of the work before us is sufficient to show that it answers one principal condition in the romance of character; viz. the representation of life in all its variety. To follow a strolling company which to-day amuses the village under a shed, and to-morrow the baron in his castle, must of course afford sufficient diversity of scenes and personages. Without illustrating this particular, we will mention, in this connexion a trait in the character of Göthe which is exemplified in all his writings and especially in the *Apprenticeship of William Meister*. It is, his generality of view and feeling—his freedom from the spirit of caste. He describes every grade in society, and every condition and profession of man with perfect impartiality. There is nothing in his writings which would enable us to assign him to any even of the greater divisions into which civil society is necessarily portioned; much less to any of those arbitrary divisions, which owe their origin to prejudice of opinion.

He is neither nobleman, statesman, ecclesiastic, scholar, mechanic or peasant. He respects the employments, understands the interests, and enters into the feelings of all. Most men who engage at all in the active business of life, contract a local or professional prejudice, which spoils the symmetry of character, as much as the crooked fingers and knees of the artisan, the symmetry of person. We sometimes, indeed, find those who stand aloof from others, and, without any enlargement of heart, possess a proud generality of reason. But it is neither very difficult nor very praiseworthy to avoid partiality for any by cherishing contempt for all. The quality which we admire in Göthe is not so much an unbiassed judgment, as a large liberality of heart.*

Truth to nature is another requisite in the kind of romance to which this work belongs. That nature is not outraged is merely a negative merit. Truth to nature is opposite not only to extravagance but also to vagueness of description. It is not sufficient that men, women and children occupy the scene, instead of giants, witches, centaurs, calibans, and all the non-descript births of fancy; these human personages must be distinguished from all others of their own kind. How perfectly is this condition answered in these volumes! Who, like Göthe, knows how to separate the colors which are blended into human character as imperceptibly as into the light of heaven? He describes all his personages with a distinctness which shows that he is not only the student of man, but the observer of men. He has that quick eye for individuality which distinguishes true genius. 'Plus on a d'esprit,' says Pascal, with great truth, 'plus on voit d'hommes originaux.' Every body is an original to a man who observes intelligently. The superficial see everything vaguely, and give only the general outline in description. Göthe strikes the characteristic feature. Hence the strong expression of his persons and the dramatic life of his scenes. What he himself says of the characters of Shakspeare may well be said of his own. They are like a clock with a crystal dial plate, which discloses all the machinery within.

The readers of Göthe always feel that they are reading themselves. We frequently stop at some passage with the same wonder with which we come upon the traces of a dream. The early presentiments of life, which we had quite forgotten; the little fits of feeling of which we had been hardly conscious, are noted down in this faithful chronicle of the heart.

We cannot forbear remarking the peculiar justice and delicacy of his descriptions of female character. Neither the English nor

*The readers of the Memoirs of Gothe have seen this trait in formation, in that innate propensity, which he confesses, to identify himself with the feelings and notions of others, and to interest himself in every mode of existence.

American novelist compare so favorably in this respect as in many others, with their German contemporary. Indeed, an adequate and full description of female character is a thing yet to be achieved in our literature. Female frailties have had ample justice done them in English comedy, and the stronger traits of female passion in English tragedy. But how false and imperfect would be our ideas of female character, if we had derived them only from the buskined maid of the drama! In view of this general failure, we had often thought that the peculiar intensity of character which females exhibit, was beyond the reach of description. Here, however, Göthe has equalled our best ideas of excellence. His Memoirs give many specimens of his manner in this particular. No one tells the tale of love with such purity of feeling and enchanting simplicity of taste. And we are bold in saying that the dignity and charms of female virtue, the inimitable grace of her kindness, the meekness and heavenliness of her submission, the sublimity of her heroism in danger, the terrors of her just indignation, the tenderness and power of her love and the depths of her devotion, have never been better represented than in the characters of Mariane, Philena, Mignon, Aurelia, Theresa, Natalie and many others who seem, in very deed, to live and breathe in the volumes before us.

In no one respect has Göthe been more commended by his countrymen, than for the correctness and classic elegance of his style. The rudeness of his native dialect assumes under his hand a chaste simplicity which vies with the finest specimens of Grecian and Roman taste. This graceful ease is preserved in the expression of the most elevated thoughts. His words are oracles in the mouth of a child. The style of Göthe has the rare excellence of being a perfect vehicle of thought, from which it never diverts the attention of the reader either by coarseness or finery of expression. So well is his language adapted to the sentiment it conveys, that the sign and the thing signified seem quite blended into one. His conceptions are as little hindered in their freeness, by their material dress, as the viewless spirit is by the thin air in which it veils itself in order to strike the sense of men.

But we wish to notice more particularly the *composure* or *reserve* of his manner; because this, though the prevailing manner of the ancient classics, is seen, in modern times, only in a few rare instances of eminent genius. Schiller remarks that when he first became acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, he was displeased with a certain insensibility which allowed the author to trifle in the midst of his most heart-rending scenes in Hamlet, King Lear, and Macbeth. The custom of modern writers had led him to expect that the author would mingle his own reflections and sympathies with those of his readers. It was not till after a deeper study of

the principles of taste as developed in the ancient classics, and especially in Homer, that he became reconciled with what he called the distance and reserve of Shakspeare, and finally indeed delighted with it. Some examples will show best the difference we are endeavoring to point out in this respect between ancient and modern writers. In the midst of a severe contest in the sixth book of the Iliad, Glaucus and Diomede discover that an ancestor of one of them had been hospitably entertained by an ancestor of the other, whence by an ancient right, they were themselves friends. They immediately throw down their arms and exchange presents. The reader stops to contemplate this beautiful act of piety. But Homer passes on with the narrative as if he had no heart in his bosom. Now see the modern style. In the first canto of Orlando Furioso, a scene of the same kind occurs, at which Ariosto steps forth from his position as author, and breaks out into the well known exclamation,

“O noble minds, by knights of old possessed!” etc.

We will mention but one instance among a hundred, of this species of reserve, in the volumes before us. Philena had cherished William with the most tender care during his sickness. One morning Mignon came to his bed-side with the news that Philena had gone away in the night. “William felt the loss of his kind nurse and companion,” says the undisturbed narrator, “but Mignon soon supplied her place”!

Without illustrating this particular farther, we will only beg the reader to mark the effect of such an abrupt reserve of manner, and to compare it with the unbecoming interest which secondary writers take in their own scenes. As if any exercise of imagination in their readers, in supplying the abruptness of thought, must of course be disagreeable, they amplify every sentiment and detail every circumstance. By applying so many slight conductors, they dissipate the collected interest and prevent the electric effect. They leave about as much impression as the tragedian would, who after the catastrophe should feel it important to acquaint the weeping assembly with the farther fortunes of the *dramatis personæ*. How opposite to this is the manner of Göthe. He says less than the occasion warrants. He merely kindles the imagination of his reader, allowing it to burn on of itself. He leaves us something to think of, which answers the description which Longinus gives of the sublime. He means more than he says,—by a kind of aposiopesis;—a figure of speech which Cæsar used, when he said to the frightened boatman, “*Cæsarem vehis!*”

This reserve of manner betokens a high order of greatness. The tranquillity with which Homer describes the doubtful battle, opens to view the same elevation of soul as is displayed by the cool self-possession with which Agamemnon directs the onset and retreat.

The heavenly composure with which the Evangelists describe the sufferings of their Master, show something of the magnanimity with which he himself endured them.

We have only room to notice briefly some of the principal objections urged against this work. The criticism which denominates it 'eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar, and affected'* cannot be treated more deservedly than to be labelled with its own epithets; to which, if we may add the two, *ignorant* and *presumptuous*, we shall think it pretty fairly characterized.

Strong objections have been urged against the degree of faithfulness with which actual life is here represented. One would imagine that the English reviewers never did anything less etherial than sipping nectar, from the offence they take at the description of a substantial repast. William Meister steals sweetmeats from the pantry, closes a letter to Mariane by telling her 'he is half asleep, and must stop,' etc. etc. 'Such circumstances,' says the fastidious reviewer, 'are carefully kept out of view in the best descriptions of life.' Can a better reason be given why these best descriptions are for the most part so intolerably bad?

This is a point where English and German taste separate. Nor are the Germans themselves unanimous in their preference of the faithful description of actual life. Schlegel prefers that history and tradition should afford the scenes for the exhibition of character; though at the same time he acknowledges that the actual and present are not unworthy objects of representation.

Much of the controversy which has existed on this subject might have been prevented, by considering, that the material in which the artist works, as it is never the object of taste, should never be the object of criticism. The sole merit of the work of art consists in the manner in which the material is treated. A common and grovelling manner makes the Alfred of Cottle an intolerable poem in spite of its lofty theme; while even a battle of frogs and mice is raised to interest and importance by the manner in which Homer treats it. Indeed the merit of the work of art is often in the inverse ratio of the rudeness of the material. 'Plus les choses sent sèches,' says Boileau, the justest of modern critics, 'plus elles frappent quand ils sent dit noblement.' Genius never shows itself more visibly than in conquering the difficulty of a low, dry or intractable subject. That talent is genuine which can stamp a tasteless object with a foreign beauty, which can extract meaning from what is insignificant, cast a brilliant illumination over what is common place, and infuse a rich spirit into what is lifeless.

The objection made by Madame de Stael, that the work is destitute of the interest of action, arises from considering romantic writing

* See Edinburgh Review, vol. xlii. p. 414.

in the gross. She alleges against the romance of character, what can be an objection only to the romance of chivalry. The same may be said of many of the objections which we have not room to notice.

The objections to the moral tendency of this work deserve the most careful consideration. We should be far from contending that one definite moral should be pursued in works of fiction, and that this should be everywhere presented to the reader. The writings in which this is attempted are unnatural. Events as they occur in the real world, never speak that explicit and distinct language which they are made to utter in the moral tales of Voltaire, the Prince of Abyssinia and works of the same kind. The voice of Providence is many-toned. The duller ear hears it not at all. The more attentive catch but a portion, and that uncertainly. And none can be certain that they have the full wisdom of the divine lesson.

But while we would dispense with this single and definite moral, we would earnestly contend that every writer is responsible for the general moral tendency of his writings. And serious objections must be felt to the writings of Göthe in this respect. We have freely conceded to them in common with many similar works of the present day, a favorable influence upon the social character. But, in common with many others, they, too, are chargeable with substituting false principles of action and judgment in place of those which God has implanted in our natures. They regard things in the light of taste and not of conscience. They found their estimate upon the agreeableness or disagreeableness—the mere external appearance; and not upon the right or wrong—the deep reality of objects. In doing this, how often do they sacrifice truth and morality to a pleasing aspect. The difference between the judgments pronounced at the tribunal of conscience and of taste cannot have escaped the observer. The assassin is more criminal than the thief. But, while taste turns with disgust from the latter, it looks on the former with unaverted interest. Now it is a fact to be deplored, that by this erroneous standard are we led to regard objects by the greater portion of elegant literature. And hence it comes to pass, that persons of the purest moral feeling, deceived by this false light, often find themselves applauding the hero in the novel, whom they would apprehend as a wretch in the streets.

A more serious objection still to the writings of Göthe, is the covert scepticism which they contain. He does not indeed scoff at the idea of an overruling Providence, or speak of man with insulting contempt, as the vile sport of fate. On the contrary, he honors the virtues which adorn our nature, and sympathizes with the sorrows with which we are afflicted. But this is the discouraging language of all his descriptions: Enjoy while you may the various

pleasures within your reach, and when misfortune comes, endure it as an unavoidable evil. He looks upon the changeful scenes of life, without a cheering confidence in the deep wisdom by which they are ordered. That he should have stopped in the region of doubt, the region of vulgar minds—is a matter of wonder and deep regret. Cold hearted speculation may be permitted and expected to wander in darkness. But genius is an inward light, given for the noblest purposes. Those who possess it are, in no humble sense, the messengers of heaven. When will they recognize their high commission, and leave uncertainty behind, and lead on their admirers enthusiastically in the paths of truth?

GREENFIELD HILL.

This village is situated on a commanding eminence in the township and county of Fairfield, Conn. about three miles from Long Island Sound.

VILLAGE of beauty! looking down,
Like a throned queen with emerald crown,
Still points thy gray familiar spire,
Old as the country, its vane's fire,
'Mid the white villas round thy green,
O'er velvet banks that wave serene,
And rows of sycamores' cool shade,
As when, in childhood, here I played.

And still outspreads the mellow view
Of snowy steeples, tapering through
Neat ruffs of trees, and slopes that reach
The faint curve of the yellow beach,
And still the dazzling sunbeams dance
O'er the blue billows' wide expanse,
And, like a pile of gilt clouds, stand,
Yon isle's dim heights of glittering sand.

At twilight hour, when up the hill
Echo to echo, sweet and shrill,
Repeats the bugle of some bark
Unfurling, and glad lovers hark—
Brightly the light-house lamp afar
Twinkles, and seems, at first a star,
And mildly whispering sea-winds blow
Fresh dew upon the wearied brow.

Then watch the red moon, broad and round
Rise slowly from the glassy Sound,

Making it blush, till overhead
Fainting to pearl, brown woodlands shed
Their tints for her's, and the whole sheet,
A silver shield, gleams at your feet,
And poised, as in mid air a sail
Oft glides above its shadow pale.

How charming is thy sylvan height,
In balmy May-time, to the sight
And sense, when apple groves, all bloom,
Like a late snow-fall, join perfume
To the rich odours the south breeze
Wafts from Long Island's blossomed trees,
With sweets that reach into the soul
As if its breath from Eden stole.

Mother of Genius' glorious wing!
Two poets* thou hast taught to sing:
The sacred minstrel, unforget,
Who sleeps in Learning's scholar spot;
And him, our country's bard and pride,
Who at cold Zarnawica died—
The ocean swells its mountain wave
Between his birthplace and his grave.

And oh! if more than classic grace,
And beauty of the form and face,
With charm of voice, and wealth of mind
That for an angel seemed designed,
Can make the scenery sanctified
Where their possessor lived and died—
Then shall these woods and waters round,
Thy name, loved Hulbert!† long resound.

My own delightful summer home!
Whether at golden noon I roam,
Or eve, when clouds, in purple drest,
Like heavenly castles deck the west,
And stars light up the ebon arch,
Or the lone moon resumes her march—
Not in this lower world is there
A landscape more divine and fair.

* Dr. Dwight who resided here and wrote "Greenfield Hill," and the "Conquest of Canaan" previous to his being chosen President of Yale College; and Joel Barlow, who was born at Reading a short distance from this village, and who partly fitted for college here. He was sent Minister to France in 1811, and soon after died at Zarnawica a village of Poland, on his way to Wilna to meet Napoleon.

† To some of the lingering old school gentlemen of Connecticut, and to all who have ever been in his presence, the above tribute to the memory of Dr. Hulbert will not appear extravagant or unmerited.

'Tis sweet to come, and cast a look
 At the same scenes—the walk—the brook,
 Where oft we roved when red-cheeked boys,
 And call to mind our former joys,
 Dear playmate's faces, dead and gone,
 And some, once fond, now distant grown,
 —How we do change ! but thou Green Hill,
 With smile primeval livest still.

J. H. N.

HOMER.

Who can read, without emotion, that eloquent epistle of Petrarch, in which he returns thanks to the friend, who had given him a copy of Homer ? No one, surely, who has the least relish for liberal studies, can be unmoved by the grave and dignified pathos, with which the Italian poet laments his ignorance of the Greek tongue, and his consequent inability to apply to their best and noblest use the precious volumes with which he had been presented ; and no one, who has ever felt the impulses of literary enthusiasm, will rashly blame the veneration with which the most accomplished scholar of his times regarded the true and original text of the Father of Poetry, though that text was, to him, a dead letter.

In the age of Petrarch, the Greek language could be acquired, only from the casual and uncertain instruction of some Byzantine ambassador, traveller, or fugitive. In our age and country, it is professedly studied in schools and colleges ; yet through the unskillfulness of teachers, the indolence of the taught, the want of time for study, and of motives for exertion, a very large proportion of those who have all the claims to the title of scholars that academic honors and diplomas can give, find their sympathy with Petrarch quickened by the secret sense of their own ignorance ; and the few adventurers, who penetrate the mists that enshroud the remains of ancient poetry and philosophy, are impelled, rather by the restless curiosity and high enthusiasm of their own minds, than by the exhortation of teachers, the encouragement of friends, or the hope of reward. In this western world, the classical student must expect little to excite him, save the solitary ardor of his own breast. Like the Roman orator, he must give to his favorite studies those hours, snatched from the tumults and fatigues of business, which others spend in recreation, or luxuriously sleep away in delicious indolence. He must not look to have his path smoothed by the grateful facilities of oral instruction, he must not anticipate the pleasures of social study. The travellers on this road are too infrequent to render each other such kindly

assistance. The living men around him, he will find occupied with the business of to-day, and the prospect of to-morrow. He must invoke aid from the dead. He must learn to say with Cowley,—

Come, my best friends, *my books*, and help me on,
'Tis time that I were gone;
Unpassed Alps stop me, but I'll cut them all,
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.

In other countries, classical learning is better cultivated, and better rewarded; but from the nature of society, it happens in all countries alike, that, of the multitudes who repeat the name and the praises of Homer, by far the larger part know him only through the medium of translations. To the English reader, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are familiar in the version of Pope, an author whose name, in spite of all his maligners, dead and living, stands high indeed on the rolls of literature, and whose reputation, in the estimate of every judicious critic, increases with every passing year which delays to produce a poet worthy to be his successor. Writers of more sensibility than intellect, despairing ever to reach, perhaps unable to comprehend, the vigorous and majestic sense of Pope, pretend to despise it, and dignify with the name of genius, their own feeble and insipid prettiness. Their censure cannot affect him, nor ought it to surprise us. What wonder, that the insects of literature, delighted with their own spotted wings, and microscopic beauties, contemplate unmoved the swan-like flights, and liquid harmony of our great moral poet?

The lovers of Homer will pardon this digression in praise of his translator. As a translator, Pope has done wonders; yet it must be confessed, there is much truth in the common observation, that his translation does not present a perfect image of Homer. This, perhaps, was a defect inherent in the undertaking, and the poet is not to be blamed for not accomplishing what was impossible. After all, his departures from the original are principally in lesser things. The story, the incidents, the sentiments and the similes are faithfully copied; and those, who are familiar with the version of Pope, can easily follow the few cursory observations we are going to make. In the eyes of the scholar, the name of Homer will irradiate dulness itself; and the more general reader, tired perhaps, of the sublime mysticism, the profound obscurity, the vague generalities, the cloudy declamation and transcendental metaphysics, the dull paradox and eternal cant of fashionable criticism, may not be unwilling to see an example, how unworthy soever, of that plain and quiet style of comment, which was taught and practised by the wits of France and England, before reviews, monthly or quarterly, were invented. The brightest stars sometimes suffer an eclipse, and we may hope, that it is only a temporary disorder, not a permanent disturbance of the system, which leads so many of our contemporaries to speak with

unqualified contempt of this school of critics. Judged by the severest rules, their merits were not small. They did not, indeed, accurately distinguish between the universal laws of taste, and the mere technical forms of their favorite authors; their fancy, it may be, was barren, their science limited, their genius not comprehensive; yet they did not want a certain fund of good sense; they had carefully studied the operations of the mind, and the play of the passions; they had imbibed much of the spirit of classical antiquity. If they sometimes fail to entertain and instruct, they never attempt to bewilder; they never seek to dress up nonsense in the guise of philosophy, or to hide a want of meaning under a rhapsody of words; what they have to tell, they express with an agreeable perspicuity; if they never blaze out with resplendent lustre, they always shed a clear and steady light; merits, perhaps which many will undervalue, but which will not be undervalued by those, who have been perplexed, and dazzled, and led astray by the dancing meteors of modern philosophy.

Of Homer's life and history we know almost nothing. He who immortalized others, left no information concerning himself. Yet of a poet so illustrious, we might expect some memorials; and that he did not want contemporaries, able to preserve and transmit his history, is proved by the numerous poems, both heroic and comic, the productions of very early times, of which we find mention in ancient authors, (for the poems themselves perished in the wreck of Greek literature, during the middle ages), many of which were vulgarly ascribed to Homer himself. But poets so careless of their own fame that their very names have perished, were not likely to be solicitous about the reputation of a brother bard; and it is tradition alone, which has informed us of the name, the country, and the age of Homer. Men are everywhere so much alike, and the actual varieties of life are so few, that we often find the events of one age, the best possible commentary on the history of another. What we know of the metrical romances of the middle ages, may be made to shed light on the history of the heroic poetry of ancient Greece; or what amounts to the same thing, our acknowledged ignorance concerning works so famous in the literary annals of comparatively recent times, may help to reconcile us to our ignorance of Homer and his contemporary poets. The names and history of the authors of these romances, who appear to have resembled, in many curious particulars, the bards of the early Greeks, are involved in the greatest obscurity; and European antiquaries find as much difficulty in ascertaining the age and authorship of the romance of *Sir Percival* or *The Four Sons of Aymon*, as did the grammarians of Athens or Alexandria in settling to their satisfaction the date and origin of the lesser *Iliad*, the *Cecrops*, or the *Epigoni*. Had some one of these romances rivalled

the genius of Homer, without doubt, his name would have been transmitted along with his poems, and according to the common course of vulgar admiration, many romances which he never wrote would have been ascribed to him.

This view of the subject, reasonable in itself and so well supported by analogy, has not satisfied some modern scholars; and the uncertainty which hangs over the life of the old bard, has induced an acute and learned critic to deny his existence, and to ascribe the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to a series of Poets to whom he gives the name of *Homerides*. It is true we know but little of Homer, but is this a reason for stripping him of life and fame in favor of the *Homerides*, of whom we know nothing? This theory was started at a time when scepticism had become fashionable; it was well received and much applauded. But the writings of Eichhorn betrayed the dangerous tendency of such speculations, and many a proselyte to the new doctrine became alarmed, when he saw Moses beginning to be involved in the same dark cloud, which had snatched Homer from his sight. It may be said that to appeal to religious prejudices, is to silence a critic, not to answer him. This is true; but it surely is a valid argument against any theory whatsoever, that it tends to overthrow all our settled notions of antiquity, and to set us afloat, without star or compass, on the wide ocean of conjecture. Apart from such general reasoning, the poems themselves, by their accurate observance of the unity of action, sufficiently refute the idea that they are only a collection of detached songs; and the grand argument against their authenticity, drawn from the supposed impossibility that poems of such length could be preserved for two or three centuries by memory alone, seems not absolutely unanswerable. Heeren, in his *Politics of Ancient Greece*, mentions a *Calmuc* poem, consisting, as it is said, of three hundred and sixty cantos, a canto equalling in length a *Rhapsody* of Homer. This poem, he tells us, is preserved only in the memories of those, who sing it. Of such prodigious memory as this, civilized life can furnish no examples; yet Erasmus is said to have been able to repeat the whole of Terence and Horace, and who does not know how easily players commit, and how faithfully they remember, the parts which they speak on the stage?*

* Wolf is commonly spoken of, as the original author of the theory of the *Homerides*. He first brought it into favor, by illustrating it with great learning in his famous *Prolegomena*; but the idea that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were not the work of a single poet, was long ago started by Perault. The arguments which Perault urged were, first, the authority of a certain abbe d' Aubignac; secondly, the title of *Rhapsody*, which is the name given in the original to the several books of Homer; and thirdly, a passage of Elian, which, however, when rightly translated, is nothing to the purpose. One may read a spirited and witty reply to Perault, in Boileau's "*Reflections sur Longin*." That the poems of Homer were not, when first composed, immediately committed to writing was first suggested by Wood. (*Essay on the life and Writings of Homer*.) The opinion seems not improbable; Wolf and Heyne have supported it with infinite learning, but when the witnesses are dead and the evidence lost, what avails the ingenuity of the advocate?

If we are willing to admit that Homer lived at all, we shall probably fall in with the commonly received opinion, that he lived about nine hundred years before the Christian era ; that he was an inhabitant of Chios, and a bard by profession. How honorable a member of society a bard was, Homer himself has sufficiently informed us. He was always a welcome guest, and often a constant attendant at the houses of the chieftains. Loved and revered by all, it was his duty to sing the deeds of gods and men, to inspire his hearers with piety and to kindle in their bosoms a spirit of enterprise, a fiery courage, and a restless longing after fame. Without cares to distract him, he had full opportunity to study the characters of men and the beauties of nature. Poetry was the employment and the pleasure of his life.

Homer's two poems have each a distinct character. The one is all fire, sublimity and hurry ; the other is more calm and even. The Iliad astonishes ; the Odyssey delights. The first is like the thunderbolt of Homer's own simile ;—

Ως δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ πληγῆς πατρὸς Διὸς ἐξέριπ' ἄρ' ὄϊς
Προρρίζας, δεινὴ δ' ἐθεύου γίγνεται ὁδμή
Ἐξ αὐτῆς τὸν δ' ο' ὑπερ' ἔχει θράσος, ὅσκειν ἰδῆται,
Ἐγγὺς ἑὼν· χαλεπὸς δ' ἐλπίος μεγαλοῖο κεραυνός.—Il. xiv. 414.

As when the bolt red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise ;
Stiff with amaze, the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand !—

The second resembles the milder landscape ;—

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ Σελήνην
Φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ·
Ἐκ τ' ἐφάνεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαί καὶ πρῶνες ἄκροι,
Καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῶν ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
Πάντα δ' ἐτ' αἰδεῖται ἄστρα· γέγηθε δ' ἐτε φρένα ποιμήν.—Il. viii. 555.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the sweet serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies,
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

The poems differ, too, not only in their character, but in their artificial construction. The time occupied by the action of the Iliad is very short, and the whole narration comes from the mouth of the

poet. The action of the *Odyssey* extends through ten years, and the hero is himself introduced, relating the greater portion of his adventures. These are the only two forms of the Epic, which the ingenuity of man has yet been able to devise.

Nor are the subjects of the poems unworthy of the genius of Homer. From the earliest settlement of the country, down to the invasion of the Persians, the Trojan war is, by far, the most conspicuous event in the Grecian annals. At a time when Greece was divided into a thousand petty states, this war brought all the independent chiefs together, and engaged them in the prosecution of the same adventure. Besides securing for the poet a willing audience wherever the Grecian name was known, it enabled him to collect, without violating probability, the noblest assemblage of kings and warriors, which the world ever saw. The events of the war were impressive, and not less so the misfortunes and wanderings of the returning chiefs. Ulysses, while prosecuting his homeward voyage, saw the manner and the cities of various nations, and more strange than these, those specious wonders—

Antiphatem, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim—

with which the imagination of the Greeks had peopled the shores and islands of the Mediterranean.

Achilles, the hero of the *Iliad*, possesses in the highest degree, all those bodily accomplishments, so indispensable to one of Homer's heroes, and which, indeed, in the politest age of the Grecian commonwealths, were esteemed essential qualifications for a general or a statesman. But it is not in bodily powers alone, that Achilles surpasses the common standard of humanity. He excels as much in pride and passion as in strength of hand or swiftness of foot,—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,—

his courage is ferocious, his anger terrible, and from the same constitution of mind, his love unbounded.

Ulysses is a very different character. Artful, eloquent, insinuating, his passions controlled and his pride subdued, he forms his plans with sagacious foresight, and to accomplish them, shrinks from no labor, danger or humiliation.

Achilles and Ulysses are the heroes of the poems, but Hector is the masterpiece of the poet. Warm-hearted, noble, patriotic, with all the proud spirit of honor, and gentle mildness of manners, which we might look for in a christian knight, that reader has little of humanity, who does not honor, love and pity him.

Nor has Homer delineated men only, with truth and spirit. The ladies have no need to be ashamed of the figure they make in his poems. Love is the passion of most prevailing influence in female minds; and how well are its various operations exhibited in the gay

and sportive fondness of Helen, the gentle and anxious tenderness of Andromache, in Penelope's noble and untiring constancy ! If to these well known names we add the Dido of the Roman poet, we shall be convinced, that whether the ancients have been justly or not accused of undervaluing the female character, at least, they did not misunderstand it.

But to characterize all the personages introduced upon the scene, to mark the obvious differences, and point out the more delicate shades of character, to show what different passions spring from the same source, and how the most trifling actions often betray the secrets of the soul, were to do again the work of the poet. He who does not see and feel all this, will search for it in vain in the commentaries of the critic. Not to see and feel it is almost impossible ; for it is in the delineation of character, that Homer, by the confession of all ages, especially excels. Indeed, he deserves to be studied as a perfect master of the science of human nature. The lessons, which he teaches, are of universal application. He has noted almost all the more common traits, and striking features ; so that succeeding authors have, for the most part, been obliged to content themselves, with dwelling on unusual peculiarities or accidental distortions. The present age seems satisfied with characters of manners, or if nature is ever attempted, it is nature so extravagant as to be unnatural. Perhaps we despair too soon. Much ground is, no doubt, preoccupied, but perhaps there is yet room for originality. The most brilliant picture is but an artful arrangement of a few common colors ; and what is called poetical invention, seems to be only a new combination of old materials.

But Homer is not content with human agents only. He brings the gods to his aid. He introduces us to the palaces of Olympus and the shadowy realms of Pluto.

Among his own countrymen, this must have added, in no ordinary degree to the dignity of his poems ; and even upon a modern reader, the effect is far from inconsiderable. It has been said of the Greek language, that it gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy. Grecian genius has performed the harder task, of giving substance and reality, to the airy visions of fancy. The religious fables of other nations, may now and then excite a momentary interest ; but, for the most part, they are as unsatisfactory as they are unsubstantial, and make no more impression on the memory, than the faint images of a troubled dream. But the Greek mythology has an air of truth and a stamp of reality. It has ceased to serve the purposes of a religious creed, but its copious and variegated fictions still survive in the pages of literature. It was hence, that the Epic and Lyric poets of Greece supplied themselves with machinery, episodes and allusions ; here tragedy found subjects, and philosophy,

illustrations. The Roman writers borrowed copiously, from the same source; modern authors have followed their example, and Grecian fable is closely woven into English poetry. Spencer, Milton, even the "unlearned" Shakspeare, show on every page how familiar to their thoughts was the Grecian mythology. But it is not the excitable imagination of poets alone, that has been carried away, by the prevailing charms of classic fiction. About the end of the fourteenth century, when the study of the Greek language, after a long oblivion, was revived in Europe, some enthusiastic scholars, seduced by the visions of beauty and magnificence revealed to them in the pages of Homer, came near renouncing their Christian faith, in favor of the ancient superstition, and were suspected of secretly sacrificing, (not metaphorically, but literally) to Bacchus and Apollo; and even that arch-infidel David Hume, who could see no shadow of truth in the Christian scheme, or even in the received doctrines of natural religion, was so struck with the verisimilitude of the Grecian mythology, as to declare, that very likely, a system so probable and consistent was somewhere, in the boundless extent of the universe, actually realized.

Along with the gods, may be classed the fabled monsters, which the poet has introduced into the *Odyssey*. Some critics, among whom is Longinus, have argued from the strange fables to be found in this poem, that when it was composed, Homer's genius was on the decline. The inference, however, seems as unjust as it is unkind. Passages will rarely be found in any author, which so much interest the mind, and engage the attention, as the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops, and the island of Circe. So naturally do the human agents act, that the improbability of the circumstances, in which they are placed, never once occurs to us.

Perhaps, however, the genius of Homer shines out most conspicuously in his descriptions of battles. He enters into them with his whole heart and soul. Indeed, the poet's taste for war, has brought him into bad repute with some peace-loving speculatists, who, like Plato, would banish him from the commonwealth, even without according that justice, which Plato did not deny, of twining his brows with myrtle and crowning his head with flowers. But Homer speaks the language and expresses the feelings of a man. Natural impulses are stronger than artificial reasoning; and while human nature remains what it is, wars will be prosecuted, and Homer will be read. It is curious to observe the artifices, by which he keeps up the interest of his battles, which extend in some instances through several books. We should soon tire of wounds and death, of the shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished, but our attention is relieved by an infinite variety of incident and description, by a thousand little digressions, which give, as it were, a back ground

to the picture, and above all, by a multitude of beautiful similes, which impart no small portion of their own fire and spirit to the relation, which they adorn. These similes are drawn, principally, from hunting, agriculture and pastoral life, and while they serve to enliven his poem, they at the same time show Homer's close observation of all that was doing around him, and his unequalled felicity in describing all that he saw.

If any would learn, what lessons of policy and morals Homer teaches, how he excels Chrysippus and Crautor, and all the wisdom of the Porch and the Academy, let them read Horace's epistle to Lollius. Besides satisfying their curiosity, they may there learn how admirably well one poet can praise another; and they will find there, maxims so wise and philosophy so eloquent, as will convince them, that whatever may be Homer's merits, he is not the only poet to be read by those who are in search of moral improvement.

On the whole it is difficult, not to join in the elegant eulogium which Paterculus has pronounced. "The succeeding times, (the historian had just been speaking of the Ionic migration) were illustrated, by the splendid genius of Homer; a man great without example. So magnificent is his subject, so majestic his verse, that he alone seems to merit the name of poet. He was great in every respect, but greatest in this, that as he imitated no one himself, so no one has been able to imitate him. If we except Archilocus, Homer is the only author, who has at once discovered and perfected a new species of composition. This great poet, it is said, was born blind, but if any one believes the fable, he must surely be destitute himself of all his senses."*

We find in his poems, a complete description of the times in which he lived. He has woven the religion of his country into the texture of his story. In the siege of Troy, he has displayed all that was known of the art of war. The funeral of Patroclus gave him an opportunity of depicting the curious rites and ceremonies, observed in burying the dead, a matter, in every age of Greece, considered of the utmost importance. While relating the adventures of Ulysses and Telemachus, the poet often touchingly describes the pleasing interchanges of hospitality; and on these and other occasions, he introduces all the geographical and naval knowledge of his age. He has left us finished pictures of the men, the manners and the polity of the times. It is, perhaps, not going too far, to say, with an ancient critic, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, apart from their poetical

* Clarissimum deride Homeri illuxit ingenium, sine exemplo maximum, qui, magnitudine operis et fulgore carminum, solus appellari poeta meruit; in quo hoc maximum est, quod neque ante illum, quem ille imitaretur, neque post illum, qui eum imitari potest, inventus est. Neque quemquam alium, cujus operis primus auctor fuerit, in eo perfectissimum, præter Homerum et Archilochum, reperiemus quem si quis cæcum genitum, putat, omnibus sensibus orbus est.—*C. V. Paterculi*, lib. i. cap. 5.

merits, are a magazine of universal knowledge. The philosopher regards, with an eager and scrutinizing curiosity, the oldest monuments of pagan antiquity; the poet contemplates, with fervid admiration, the oldest, richest, raciest of poems; and the most careless student must possess little of that divine mind which so distinguishes the old bard, who reads the poems of Homer without becoming familiar with the character, the manners, the curious livelihood of the early Greeks, without finding his mind filled with sublime and beautiful images, instructed in human nature, strengthened by precepts of prudence and morality, astonished and delighted by a work of genius which all succeeding ages have regarded as marking the utmost bound of human effort.

 NIAGARA.

How am I lost? and whither am I borne?
 Methought as on the beetling cliff I stood,
 Gazing intently on the fearful scene,
 Like a wild pageant it at once dissolv'd,
 And dunnest night came o'er me; and I fell
 Headlong, how far! never to rise again.
 But lo, it bursts upon the view once more!
 The roar of waters, the dark-tumbling flood,
 The bounding spray and all-involving mist,
 And the wide-yawning gulf beneath my feet,—
 The war of elements anew proclaim,
 And wake to ecstasy the astonish'd soul.
 Yet where, amid the uproar dread around,
 Where shall the eye an instant find repose?
 If on the mighty stream which sweeps amain
 The tribute of its ocean-lakes, I gaze—
 Waves press on waves forever as before,
 To be engulf'd as soon. If o'er the brink,
 The shudd'ring brink, I bend, to scrutinize
 The wonders there, and eye the drear profound—
 What but a whirlpool vast do I behold,
 And sea of foam that never knows a calm!
 Or, upward gazing, what but cloud on cloud
 Of spray resplendent issuing from the abyss,
 This way and that perpetually convolv'd,
 Yet glowing with ethereal tints, as heaven's
 Own bow, most beautiful. Fir'd at the view—
 Alike with beauty, grandeur, terror fir'd—
 At once I break the long continued spell,

Fly the charm'd spot, seize every point, and take
 My fill of rapture. Nor with this content,
 Down the rude steep I urge my vent'rous steps,
 And to the o'erwhelming flood's appalling verge
 Trembling advance: but oh, as thence I lift
 My eye, what sight stupendous overawes
 The aching sense! Straight from my feet a wall
 Of adamant, of vast immeasured curve,
 Its front upheaves immoveable and huge,
 Towering to heaven; whence, like a rushing sea,
 Bearing the whirlwind on its skirts, descends
 The mighty deluge! Dreadful is the shock—
 Earth trembles, and the affrighted deep recoils!
 As when the thirsty clouds converging o'er
 The sea, the subtle element attract,
 And then upon the tempest's wing upborne,
 Mid the wild heavens to battle rush sublime—
 Down comes with thundering crash the liquid world,
 And hill and valley instantly submerg'd,
 The waters roll tumultuous to the main.

But who shall paint the inimitable scene,
 Where Nature in a realm yet all her own,
 Seems in unrivall'd majesty enthron'd!
 As well, with magic of sweet sounds, the bard
 To frenzy wrought, might hope there to detain
 Yon glorious setting sun: lo! hovering o'er
 The forest's verge, it sinks—while dusky night
 Too hastily advancing, shuts the scene.
 Darkness and Solitude—mysterious Powers!
 At such an hour as this, how do ye seize
 Upon the trembling soul! I feel the earth
 Is without foothold; while a voice amidst
 The roar eternal, seems to sound its doom!

But see! amid the East a light! the full orb'd moon
 Which there, majestic rising, sheds o'er heaven
 And earth a milder day; and now, as if
 Enchanted, pours upon the lapsing flood
 Her brightest beams. The falling waves
 Imbibe the effulgence, and in volumes vast
 Descend like liquid silver;—till, as they
 Impinge with headlong force below, they break,
 Swift shatter'd in ten thousand parts—fly off
 Diverse—or upward curl in snowy mist
 Far 'mid the blue serene. The breeze that like
 A living stream seems ever gushing up,
 Plays with the forest leaf; on either hand,

And from the opposing isle,* majestic trees
Lift high their verdant screens—here veil'd in night—
There glitt'ring amid showers of spray—while o'er
The rocks, the banks, upon the loftiest heights,
And deep within the bosom of the abyss,
The light and shade their magic force exert,
And in mysterious grandeur wrap the scene.

O miracle of Nature ! though amid
The boundless wild for ages thou hast been
From distant worlds conceal'd, yet myriad eyes
On thee have gaz'd. The proud, unconquer'd tribes,
That fearless roam'd the shadowy forest, caught
Far off thy wondrous music, and approach'd
With reverence the scene : while from thy crags
The eaglet peer'd,—or, taught full soon to tempt
Thy troubled air, his vigorous pinions shook,
And screaming wild, amid the ethereal void
Swift vanish'd. Yet with the bright morn once more
Shall he return, and in thy rainbows sport,
Or up to heaven shall mount ' to drink the sun.'
But ah ! those dark-eyed men—where now are they ?
With thy returnless waves forever gone !
Yet thou in all thy grandeur still remain'st
To mock our withering race. Say ! when the world
Sprang out of chaos, and the stars look'd down
Enamour'd of the virgin earth, did then
Thy thundering voice the trembling echoes wake ?
Or hath the subtle miner, Time, earth's old
Foundations sapp'd, and with her giant walls
Let fall thy floods ?—Within the Eternal Mind
The images of all that's beautiful
And fair, of wondrous and sublime, repose ;
Till as thou wilt, O God ! they seize, they fire
The enraptur'd sight. This beauteous orb, which thou
In thy beneficence didst call to light,
Thou gav'st to man ; and, glorious to behold,
Around its outstretch'd continents didst pour
Thy world of waters. Storms the ocean lash
And wake it into wrath ; as soon to peace
Again 'tis lull'd ; but when thou badst unlock
The mountain-springs, outgush'd the impetuous floods
That leap exulting from their heaven-built seats,
And with eternal thunders shake the vales !

P. H.

* Goat Island.

THE CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

MEMOIRS OF GOETHE, *written by himself.* J. & J. Harper, N. York.

It has been well remarked, that of all histories Autobiography is the least likely to be honest. The difficulty which first occurs to the mind, however, is not, we apprehend, the greatest. Nothing is more natural, and therefore excusable, than the disposition to flatter one's own likeness, and we can easily conceive the necessity of a stern nerve, for the drawing to the life of weaknesses which may have been successfully concealed, and passions which have, perhaps, flashed upon here and there an observer, but are not credited to us by the general tongue. A much greater obstacle exists, we suspect, in the difficulty of sitting to ourselves for a portrait, and catching the wonted expression of our own features. It is next to impossible to get sufficiently rid of one's identity—to stand aside like a third person and measure one's own stature and proportions coolly and definitely. The very attempt to fix upon a feature alters it. You may as well arrest your own shadow, or look for the unconscious and natural expression of your face in a mirror. By a strong effort you may sometimes conjure up, for a moment, to your mind's eye, your own distinct image, but it closes upon you instantly again, like a phantom that will not be held off, and your glance has not settled upon it before it is incorporated again with yourself and become invisible. Besides, we believe there is no possibility of a thorough self knowledge. A high degree of it, even, is exceedingly rare. Most men know less of themselves than they can see at a glance in the character of others; and though the occasional sympathies of life, and its temporary feelings of every description may be wholly understood and felt by the sufferer, and by him only, yet these are but the effects of the principles of character which lie far deeper, and he who feels the whole measure of their bitterness often knows least of their origin. It is a singular truth, that the heart deceives itself more than it deceives others. Self love early brings on that inner blindness to which the dim and mingled lines of character appear confused, and pride and necessity and ambition, and all the negative virtues and plausible vices, have a convenient diffusiveness which easily spreads their slight leaven over the whole mass of motive, and gives it a general and indefinite color of nobleness and truth. No man who is not utterly abandoned, ever believed himself guilty of an action of unqualified baseness. He could not have committed it without first silencing his scruples by some of those

weak sophistries which, surprisingly enough, *can* silence them, and the remembrance of which sinks away into the dark chambers of the heart, to speak out at the call of that voice which must be answered when the deed is past, though it, strangely, matters little how. To one ever so much out of love with himself, therefore, a faithful autobiography must be difficult enough, but to one who thinks so well of his character that he sits down deliberately to draw its likeness for the world to see, it would seem that perfect self justice were an unreasonable expectation. This last must be the case of at least every distinguished autobiographer. A felon or a conscience-stricken fanatic may be driven by remorse to portray with a terrible minuteness the secret circumstance of guilt, but self love does not turn and sting itself, unless driven like the scorpion by a circle of fire.

The autobiography of Goethe, though of course not an entire history of the character and mind of that great man, is still wonderfully true. We are all judges of this. Unskilled as we are in self knowledge, we have in us a living and unfailing test of human nature, and it is one of the most astonishing of our moral wonders, that, without the power to walk for a moment the sphere of genius, we can measure its reach and detect the obliquities of its flight, as if we had trodden its illimitable range in familiar and daily fellowship. The theory may be more true than we imagine, that we are all equally gifted though circumstances make us to differ, and it perhaps settles the question of distinctions hereafter, that, in the complete developement of a heavenly nature, these elements of all mental power which we find so strangely in us, may for the first time be loosened from the torpor of untoward circumstance, and quicken into beauty and strength.

Autobiography is by far the most interesting species of memoir writing, and that of a great and gifted poet, perhaps, the most likely to gratify the curious in the philosophy of our nature. The faculties requisite for the higher order of poetical genius are both so much rarer and more numerous than for any other, that he who possesses it, is always the leading wonder of the age which first appreciates him. This arises, no less from the distinctness of the poet's power from all other gifts, than from the intrinsic mystery of its nature. It is, of all human faculties, the least comprehensible by the ungifted. There is no attaining it by study—no finding out of its secrets as of other matters of knowledge, by comparison, and reference to principles. The fine ear, the nice susceptibilities, the fervent fancy, the pure heart, the burning upward desire, and even the intuitive knowledge of human character, may be found separately in other men, and are perhaps,

separately measurable—but this is only handling the instruments of the cunning artificer. It is still to be learned how the skill of the master wields them. It is not to be seen, except by the close, inner eye, how all these powers are fitted and harmonized in the universal nature of Genius—how like the perfect proportions in which the fair light of heaven is mingled, the creations of poetry are wrought with the combined energy of all human gifts—how the fragments of the mirror shivered in Eden, which flash out brokenly and imperfectly from the rank weeds of time, may be put together by a skilful hand, and held up to nature for a perfect and undiminished reflection. The poet himself may scarce understand this mystery. His mind works within him like the irresistible impulses of a dreamer. In the abstraction necessary to shut himself in perfectly from the world, he loses the scale necessary to measure it. He cannot stand apart and observe its workings. He has stepped into a magic circle unaware, and when its beautiful creations burst into life at his bidding, he is perplexed, like the player upon a harp in whose strings a wayward spirit is hidden. The rapidity, the flashing suddenness of poetical imaginations are such, that there is no time for consciousness. They rush out from the dim chambers of his fancy, unannounced and unbidden, and their existence is first told in their own audible music.

But the difficulties which exist in the mind itself are far from being the most formidable. There is a tumult in the poet's heart which would dim his eye were his mind clearer than crystal. The ravishment of music and beauty, and the passionate dreams of the young, and the clear tranquillity of the temperate and pure, are but unreal shadows to the joy of composition. It is a strange, peculiar, singularly satisfying pleasure. That yearning void—that deep and unreachd capacity, which has made so many hearts ache in the hour that brought to them life's utmost—is touched and sounded by his burning conception. The springing of the beautiful thought, the graceful expression, the indefinite feeling forcibly brought out, the flashing of the uncertain impulse into glowing and original language, and, above all, the flood of strength and beauty and melody which, sometimes, in the fervor of his excited mind, comes over him with a dizzy and yet strangely conscious bewilderment—this it is that would make poetry, though it were the scorn of the intelligent universe, its own blessed and sufficient reward. And who can adequately define it? Who can sit down when its whirlwind is past, and measure its velocity and its power? Who can stay its burning chariot with a finger, and describe to the common ear its dazzling and immortal workmanship? *highly*

It is astonishing, with all these difficulties, how an autobiography which attempts anything more than a mere narrative of events can be even tolerably true. The actual occurrences of life are easily described, but these are of little interest unless of a more stirring character than ordinarily falls to the lot of genius. In a poet's biography we want a history of what has distinguished him—his mind. We wish to know how it is affected by the ordinary circumstance of life—its workings in secret—its times of inspiration—its estimate of the passions and pursuits of other men. We wish to know how it breathes in its thin, upper atmosphere—how it reconciles the ideal world to the real, and with what temper it passes from the heavenly rareness of the one to the gross materiality of the other. These are expectations, it would seem, that could scarcely, in any degree, be realized; and that they are so, in a measure, in the book before us, is a matter of as much wonder as delight. We know of no other which lays open the character so fully to the light; and though it is full of interest as a book of spirited description and drawings of the eminent men of the age, yet it is all relevant to the writer himself, and tends constantly to develop the traits of his own character.

The prominent feature in the mind of Goethe is the remarkable truth and balance of its powers. In plainer language he was a man of strong common sense. Even in his early childhood he shows a directness in his views, and a simplicity and straight-forwardness in his reasoning, which is generally, though we think mistakenly, supposed to be rarely united to a poetical temperament. One of the first of his childish reminiscences is a doubt of God's goodness, suggested by the account of the earthquake of Lisbon. This was no common thought for a child, but the tenacity of its impression and the direction it gave to his pursuits are still more singular. The following incident which occurred soon after, and which was the result of some reasoning upon the Divine nature, illustrates our meaning.

"Being unable to form an idea of the Supreme Being, I sought him in his works, and resolved to erect an altar to him, after the manner of the patriarchs. Certain productions of nature were to represent the world, and a flame was to arise, figurative of the human soul ascending towards its Creator. I therefore chose the most valuable articles in the collection of natural curiosities which I had at hand. The difficulty was to arrange them in such a manner as to compose a little edifice. My father had a handsome music-desk of red lacquer, adorned with golden flowers, in form of a four-sided pyramid, with ledges to execute quartettos. This desk had not been used for some time. I took possession of it, and laid my specimens of natural history upon it in gradation, some above others, in regular and significant order. I wished to offer my first act of adoration at sun-rise. I had not yet determined on the manner in which I should produce the symbolical flame which I intended at the same time to emit a fragrant odor. At length I succeeded in securing these two conditions of my sacrifice. I had in my posses-

sion a few grains of incense. If they would not produce a flame, they might at least give light, and spread an agreeable perfume in burning. This mild light, shed by burning perfumes, expressed what passes in our minds at such a moment, even more perfectly than a flame. The sun had long risen above the horizon, but the neighboring houses still intercepted his rays. At length he rose high enough to allow me, by means of a burning glass, to light my grains of incense scientifically arranged on a fine porcelain cup. Everything succeeded according to my wishes. My piety was satisfied. My altar became the principal ornament of the apartment in which it stood. Others perceived in it nothing but a collection of natural curiosities, distributed with regularity and elegance: I alone knew its real intention. I wished to repeat my pious ceremony. Unluckily, when the sun appeared I had no porcelain cup at hand; I placed my grains of incense on the top of the desk: I lighted them; but I was so absorbed in my contemplations, that I did not perceive the mischief which my sacrifice had done, until it was too late to remedy it. The grains of incense, in burning, had covered the fine red lacquer, and the gold flowers, with black spots; as if the evil spirit, driven away by my prayers, had left the indelible traces of his feet on the desk." pp. 21, 22.

Another developement of this trait is found still earlier in his history.

"On Sundays we used to assemble, my companions and I, to communicate our essays to each other. But I was soon disquieted by a singular apprehension. My own poetical lucubrations, of course, always appeared to me to be the best; but I soon remarked that my companions, who often brought very wretched compositions, thought no less highly of them than I did of mine. Another circumstance, which also occupied my meditations, was the self-delusion of a young scholar who was totally incapable of making verses. He used to get them composed by his master, and it is no wonder they seemed to him excellent: but he would persuade himself at last, that he had made them; and although we were so intimately acquainted, he wished to make me believe it likewise. Struck with the ridiculous folly of this conceit, I began to fear that I might possibly be my own dupe also, and appear to him as foolish as he did in my eyes. This idea rendered me very uneasy. My judgment could not be decided by any irrefragable rule. I became discouraged. But the natural levity of my age, an internal consciousness, and the praises of my masters and relations, at length restored my confidence." p. 18.

His passion for walking upon the walls of the city, and observing the private gardens and inner courts of the inhabitants, and the delight he took in wandering and musing among the Gothic buildings and ancient streets of Frankfort, are among many other instances in the narrative of his boyish pursuits, which show the same precocious disposition to observe and reason. This is the true character of Genius. There is no greater mistake than the common belief that it is a dim, mist-enveloped, abstract power—walking on its own way, with little knowledge of its fellow men, and no faculty for their pursuits. Its great prerogative and instrument is a clear, open eye. Its peculiar gift is to see more and better than other men. Universality both of knowledge and power, is its indispensable endowment. It has, it is true, a superior and incomprehensible faculty of creation, or, rather, combination—but the very existence of this depends upon the possession in a high degree of the more ordinary and every day faculties of our race. The possessor of it sees more of nature's beauty in the

same landscape, and hears more of nature's music in the same sounds, and feels more and deeper the same many and nameless outward influences. It is not that the south wind blows softer on his temples, or that the fresh verdure is greener to his eye, or the sound of water to his ear of a rarer or more distinct melody. The difference is within. The inner sense is finer. The response to the outward sensation comes from a temple of loftier arches. It is the same instrument, but more skilfully played—the same spell, but more exquisitely wound.

The nature of genius is to excel in whatever it attempts. There is a kind of spurious talent which, like a stage devil, conceals its counterfeit in smoke. You will find the possessors of it absent minded, eccentric, affecting solitary and unnatural habits. They keep up their credit for wisdom by living apart, and are therefore ignorant of common things, and lost when they chance to fall into the ways of the world. Such men may, sometimes, be erudite scholars, but never men of genius. It is the nature of genius to be curious and restless. It finds interest in trifles, and is never more satisfied out of itself than when watching the daily impulses and pursuits of its fellow men. It cannot be mewed up in a cloister. Its thirst for real, tangible knowledge drives it irresistibly into the world. All its faculties must be tried and matured, or it pines like an imprisoned eagle. The possessor of it, according to circumstances, is always remarkable for some of the attainable excellencies of common life—he is the best observer of character, the most liberal philanthropist, the deepest philosopher upon topics of general moment, the most enlightened religionist, the most sagacious politician—nay—often, the subtlest calculator of trade. He sees farther into anything than a common man. He has a wider grasp for all subjects; and though he does not, like Mochingo in the play, “*profess to admire an exhalation more than a fixed star,*” his judgment upon either is better than another's. It is one of the fine instances of the wonderful knowledge of human nature displayed by the old Dramatists, that the scholar, who, in the first act of the “*Elder Brother,*” is left

“Contemplating

The number of the sands in the highway,
And from that purposing to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea,”

shows himself in the last to be superior, even in his own worldly spirit and accomplishments, to his more courtly rival. It is true that single individuals are not often very much celebrated for more than a single successful talent, and the necessity of an engrossing attention to one

object is an obvious reason ; but an equal capacity for distinction in some other walk is almost invariably apparent. Byron is said to have had a high degree of military talent ; Sheridan was an orator and dramatist ; Coleridge and Wordsworth are among the lights of modern philosophy in Europe ; Goethe is a distinguished poet, dramatist and statesman, and our own Allston and Morse, if they were not the first artists, would undoubtedly have been the first writers of their time.

The secret of many of the peculiarities of Goethe, and of much of his excellence is contained in the following rule which he prescribed to himself, after being bewildered with the uncertain lights of early German literature. He says, "If I wished to find some real inspiration, some profound sentiment, some just and striking reflections for my poetical compositions, I saw that I must draw them from my own bosom. I accustomed myself to describe and turn into poetry whatever interested me ; whatever had caused me a strong sensation of joy or grief." This is a maxim worthy of golden memory by poets. The peculiarity of his writings, and, indeed, of the writings of every other eminent poet, is their forcible, undeniable reality. His epithets are not chosen for sound, or to startle, merely. They represent the living, actual impression, and are as natural and unavoidable as the names of colors, or the unaffected descriptions of a child. So of a feeling or a sentiment. He does not stop to work himself up to the sublime, or reach away into the very corners of his mind for extraordinary images. He sits down in the very midst of his conceptions, and weaves his web of the nearest material ; and if the tissue is not so filmy and fanciful, it is vivider and stronger, and will wear better. It is the great mistake of early poetry that it reaches too far. The obvious and every-day language of those about him, seems to the inflated taste of the young poet common and inefficient. It must be a word that the vulgar mouth has not profaned, or an idea that could only have been gathered from the empyrean, to come up to his standard. He has seen how the masters of the art have sometimes compressed volumes into a single new and energetic expression, and without reflecting upon the effect of its rareness, or the peculiar demand for it in the place where it is introduced, he makes it the model of every sentence, and is as grandiloquent in a quiet description as he is in passages of frenzy and pathos. It is astonishing how widely this error prevails. It would seem that the affecting simplicity of true taste were written on the very face of the allowed models—as if it could no more be mistaken than their meaning or their humor. And yet, in all beginners, and in by far the greater proportion of practised

writers, you find the same pompous diction—the same thrusting aside of the downright and descriptive, and the dragging in by violence of the artificial and indistinct. A lamp is a luminary; a child is a cherub; a servant's message is told with a simile; a familiar sentiment is illustrated by stars and sunshine, and the hero's whereabouts is embellished like a description of Olympus. They have no idea that a king is not always in heroics, or that a lady can talk prose, or that the language and ways of ordinary men have anything to do with human nature. They perk up their common-places in holiday dresses as if they thought them too vulgar to be presentable. Like the good housewife who washed the cobwebs from her master's old wine, they think nature not fit to be seen till she has been pranked up and made tidy.

It is a singular feature in the works of Goethe, that, without an exception, they are suggested and formed from incidents in his own life. He never portrays a passion, or amplifies a sentiment, or presents a phasis of human life, which is not either a part of his own history or a subject of the most intimate and minute observation. His works seem to be thrown off like spontaneous phantasms of the progressive changes in his character and situation. He attempts nothing distant, nothing in advance of his existing age and circumstances. His heroes are all of his own time of life, and are run through adventures, it is true, and romantic ones, but only embellished likenesses of his own. Every incident is seized upon as a nucleus for imagination. Every casual expression of a passer-by is a subject for his habitual analysis of character. Every friend and acquaintance and chance-adventurer moves in the great circle of his observation, and becomes an actor in the indefinite and perpetual drama of fancy. He thus secures the very impress and action of life. The minute features, the defects even, the thousand little vanishing lines are arrested and distinctly drawn. His novels read like biographies, and his poetry, unlike the lifted and unessential wanderings of others among the stars, fastens on your sober belief, like the earnestness of a suddenly roused improvisatore. It is no objection to the analogy between his own life and that of his heroes, that their adventures are too many and too extravagant for truth. Such a man as Goethe meets ten adventures to another man's one. Aside from the expression which genius always stamps upon the features, and which wins so unreservedly the confidence, not only of the refined and discerning, but mysteriously of all—aside from everything which opens to him, from without, the secret entrances to the character and peculiarities

of men—there is, in himself, a power, a tact of detection, a knowledge of the causes of human action, which lay bare to him the causes of adventure, and tell him when and where to look for the coming by of those strange realities, stranger than fiction, which are constantly occurring in this misnamed commonplace world. Nothing that passes escapes him. He follows intrepidly and implicitly every lead of circumstance. He encourages the developement of every eccentricity of character. He accepts, with the chivalry of the Red Cross Knight, every challenge to doubtful enterprise. He is never sluggish—never backward—never calculating. There is a beautiful boldness in his temper, which, like the heroes of Irish fairy legends, wins the love of the spirits of his race, and they touch him as they pass and become visible to him. The book before us, which is substantiated as a faithful history of the life of Goethe, is sufficient to prove all that we have asserted on this point. It reads like a fiction.

To those who have not reflected upon the peculiar structure of poetical character, it may appear singular that we should put side by side with the trait we have so long dwelt upon, *an unbounded romance*. It is true, that, in common men, this quality is rarely united with severe judgment. / It is no less true, however, that in genius they are seldom divided; and it is a beautiful proof of the capacity of our nature for a full and equal developement of its powers, that two such opposed qualities as imagination and reason, can, even here, ripen and be perfected together. One can scarce conceive how they should harmonize. The disposition of fancy to color and clothe everything it meets with its own pencil and drapery, and the tendency of judgment to define and analyze, seem an impossible combination. There is, however, a kind of accommodation, if we may so speak, in the exercise of their powers, which effectually prevents discord. The judgment is, of course, the higher faculty, and undoubtedly makes its decisions clearly and independently of the other upon every subject. The exercise of the imagination is rather optional than necessary. It is like the Roman mantle, putting no constraint on the figure it embellishes, and never concealing its strength or proportions. It is a beautiful gift, by which a discovered deformity is hidden, and a color of cheerfulness or joy given to the necessary shadows of life. To borrow a figure of that great essayist, Foster, "judgment is the naked tree with its minute branches perfectly defined, and imagination is the foliage which clothes it." The reason of genius is never blinded by fancy. In the height of romantic adventure, and in the most unqualified devotedness of passion—seasons when less gifted minds

are walking in a dim and confused dream—the eye of genius takes a tranquil measure of its progress, and circumstances are as well remembered as ever, and the object of its admiration as keenly and dispassionately studied. And yet who doubts the earnestness and fervor of such a nature?

Our author's life abounds in the most romantic incident. The susceptibility which is another unfailing attribute of genius, involves him continually in the most singular adventures. His passions, successively, for Margaret the pretty milliner, Lucinda the daughter of his dancing master, and Annette the daughter of his host—all persons far below him in life, and in a country where such distinctions are matters of serious regard—are sufficient proofs of the vividness and power of his fancy. It needs a great deal to color what from a man of his discrimination could not be concealed, the want of the well-bred refinements to which he had been used, the *gaucheries* of manner, the natural and inevitable *materiality* of the class to which the objects of his passion belonged. It is evident from his own account that he was never blinded to them, and it is surprising with what minuteness he drew the characters of his mistresses at the same time that he was yielding himself apparently to the most headlong infatuation. There is no concealment or trick practised upon him. He meets Margaret in a house corresponding with her station in life, the resort of a company of rude and vulgar young men, whose intimacy he was obliged to court, and it is only in their presence, and in the intervals of drinking and card-playing, that his acquaintance with her progresses. His imagination converts this scene of coarse carousal into a haunt of refined pleasure, and, though he is continually studying the characters of his gross companions, and shows by his descriptions that he did it faithfully, his passion for Margaret is not at all diminished, and he is restless till the night comes when he may meet her again, and pursue his passion amid the same uncongenial company and amusements. This is the true alchymy. Everything turns to gold at the touch of such a temper as this. The fabled enchantments of Eastern story are more than realized by such an imagination. It makes a different place of the world. The annoyances and the imperfect joys, the cold, dull shadows of indifference, the positive and thick-crowding evils of life, are all changed and colored by its power. The semblances of the perfect and beautiful become real. The exquisite form and bland graces of women, the changing, perishing beauty of nature, the outward show of generous and noble qualities in men, are all true and abiding. It is neither ignorance nor deception. He sees the fickleness of the one,

and the decay of the other, and the hollowheartedness of the third, and, with an instinctive caution, he puts a shield between their failings and his heart, and forgets them. When he is once guarded against injury he believes the world incapable of it, and he goes out among his fellow men confidingly, and still without peril, admitting like sunshine to his heart every ray of courtesy, and yet protected from betrayal by his sleepless but unconscious intuition of character. This is the only power except religion that can "look out far and lovingly on all mankind." Ignorance and simplicity are soon enlightened, and become embittered against a world which abuses their easy nature. The treachery and stinging ingratitude of mankind must be guarded against to be unfelt, and it must be forgiven as religion forgives it, or avoided as knowledge avoids it, not to chill philanthropy and deaden the "fine and loving temper of humanity."

(To be continued.)

CHANGES.

THE billows run along in gold
 Over the yielding main,
 And when upon the shore unrolled,
 They gather up again;
 They get themselves a diff'rent form,
 These children of the wind,
 And, or in sunlight, or in storm,
 Leave the green land behind.

Life's billows on life's changing sea
 Come alway to Death's shore,
 Some with a calm content, and free,
 Some with a hollow roar;
 They break and are no longer seen,
 Yet still defying time,
 Divided, and of different mien,
 They roll from clime to clime.

All water courses find the main;
 The main sinks back to earth;
 Life settles in the grave—again
 The grave hath life and birth;
 Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
 Grass grows from scattered clay;
 And thus from death the spirit must
 To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water, changing forms ;
The mists go upward from the sea,
And gather into storms ;
The dew and rain come down again,
To fresh the drooping land ;
So doth this life exalt and wane,
And, alter, and expand.

J. O. R.

PRESENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

“————— He who writes
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends, and not a guest
But will find something wanting or ill-drest.”

WHILE the events of the last fifty years have wrought so great a change in the moral and political condition of the civilized world, the state of its literature and its intellect has during the same period been subject to its own vicissitudes and undergone its own revolutions. The dark storm of anarchy which hung impending so long over Europe, has been dissolved by powers, which, while in some measure restoring the nations of the continent to their former state of kingly subjection and despotic calmness, did not altogether remove the purifying effects of the previous tempest. Civilized man now enjoys extended liberty, compared with his debasement during the days of feudal government, and Freedom, as she has carried her cheering influence to the door of the European peasant, has been attended by knowledge and virtue as her inseparable companions. The human family as a whole, has been elevated to a higher grade of existence, and the fountains of intelligence, instead of being confined to the use of the noble and the bigot—instead of being restrained in a few deep and almost inaccessible channels—have become the property of man, whatever his condition, and have been diverted to fertilize and make glad the whole surface of the earth.

Happily the sources of literature are not diminished by the continual demands which are made upon them. Like the fire which communicates its heat and its power to all surrounding objects, but which still burns on with undiminished intensity, they have poured forth the deep streams of grave and scholastic philosophy, as they were wont of yore ; but have at the same time increased the influences of practical instruction, and enlarged the sphere of elegant belles lettres accomplishments. The old channels may not now be as easily known as formerly, because of the improvements above

and around them; but they still flow as deeply and as purely as ever, and will continue to reward those who sound them to their depths, with the increasing measure of their beauty and their wealth.

During the dark ages, the walks of learning were through the dry, discouraging wilderness of monkish lore, with no amusements of the path to beguile the wayfarer of the monotony of his journey, and with nothing to cheer him but the bright sun of science in the distance, beaming strength and vigor upon his faculties, and beckoning him still onward. But now the way is beset with enticements to stray from it, a garden of flowers has sprung up where the desert mourned, and the mind is continually drawn from the great object in the distance, to revel amid the beauties of the present scene. But still the length of the path is not diminished, nor are its arduous steepes of more easy ascent. The striving for the goal must still be as great or greater than ever, as so many are tempted to enter for it, from the beauty of the way.

But it is of the recent changes and improvements in literature that we are now more particularly to speak. There are several branches of belles lettres studies which are peculiar to the present age. Novelty in literature has always been as highly valued and as much sought after as in any of the other of the arts of life. The time has been, when the stately halls of England were kindled with joy or depressed with sorrow, as the caprice of the wandering minstrel dictated. But the bards degenerated into beggars, and their harps gave place to the metrical romances of chivalry, with their euphuistic extravagances of language, and their pictures as quaint as the devices of the brave knights whom they described, and their periods as stately and precise as the manners of the lovely dames and 'maidens of high degree,' whose beauty and whose constancy were the burden of the song. The time once was, when quaintness and singularity were the fashion of the day. Every department of life felt the influence of the general taste. Architecture has preserved models of it in the most durable form. The storied pictures of Westminster and of London Tower prove to what extent it was carried in matters of dress; while the *Fairy Queen* and *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy* show its influence over the genius of poetry and the outpourings of humor. The very goblins of the forest partook of the mortal mania, and Oberon and Robin Good Fellow are the most whimsical and fantastic of moonlight elves. These things in their turn passed away, to make room for the Augustine age of English literature. Utility became the hobby of the age. To present it in the array of beauty and elegance was the aim of the popular writers. The essays of the *Spectator* became the text book for morals, and for style, and for taste. Their success encouraged numberless imitations, filled with tawdry sentiment and vulgar wit. But 'requiescant in pace,' they

have passed into decay, while the original gem has preserved its beauty uninjured, unrivalled and alone. Our own age presents different views. Human invention has been turned in some measure from working on the solid materials, which were to secure to it the meed of immortality, and has directed part of its energies to the production of the elegant or the curious, to the exhibition of trifles to please for a few short moments, and the getting up of bright illusions to enlighten the hour, with the course of which they too must pass into forgetfulness. Change is before and around us, pleasure is the object of pursuit to the gay spirits of earth. Society is made one never ending gala, and the fashionable and the literary world is on the alert to answer the demand and stimulate the universal cry of 'vive la bagatelle.'

Although amusement be the chief object of those who can afford to pay its price, improvement has kept even pace with it in its progress. There is a species of literature before the world at present, which unites in its own beautiful form the attractions of both. And much is the literary community indebted to the genius of one man for forming the path, and leading on in the untried way by which both could be united, and in the course of which their joint influences have elevated and refined the spirits of those to whom their divided power would have rendered the theme on which they were employed either uninteresting or un instructive. We need not say that we refer to the Author of Waverley. Let no one accuse us of triteness or common place, for renewing the worn out subject of his praises. Were the effect or even the continuance of his labors to be numbered among things past, the charge might be made with the color of justice; but the attention of men cannot be too strongly or too often drawn to those events which are exerting a daily influence over society. The withered tree and the exhausted fountain may be deserted, but both will be watched with care and with gratitude, while the one yields its fruits, and the other pours forth its fertility for all of nature which is capable of being rendered happier or more useful by them. Such, then, is our defence, if any be needed, for renewing the remembrance of the things we venerate. The novels of the Author of Waverley, together, perhaps, with the historical plays of Shakspeare, have formed in very many minds a taste for the *real* beauties of English history, which without them they would never have acquired. He is indeed 'a potent enchanter.' His pen is the spell-wand of a wizard, in the hand of one who knows its mystic power. He has taken the facts of history, and woven from them the beautiful fabric of its poetry, and has given a more lasting and a deeper interest to its dry details, by connecting them in our minds with all the beauties and fascinations of romance. /

The Waverley Novels have introduced a new kind of writing, and, aided perhaps by the beautiful style of our countryman Irving, it has pervaded the whole field of the light literature of the day. They have been the models on which young writers have formed themselves; and how well worthy they are of imitation, or, at least, of close study and attention, appears from the developement of intellect, the rapid increase in number, and in power, and in beauty of the volumes of belles lettres which are every year given to the public. A few years ago, an elegant taste, joined, perhaps, to a love of 'filthy lucre,' induced some English publishers to give to the world the first specimens of those *Souvenirs* and 'Forget Me Nots,' which are now so common through our country. How beautiful they were at their first appearance, the eagerness with which they were read will testify. How rapid was their increase, may be seen by referring to the counters of every bookstore. America, ready and willing as she ever is to acknowledge the excellence, and imitate the example of the parent country in every good thing, has imitated and improved upon the plan. We can now boast of a species of literature, which is conducted almost wholly by young men, and which has merited the affection, because it has developed the power of our native genius. Those who have made their first essays in literature, through the medium of the pages of a *Souvenir*, will gain confidence in proportion as they have tested their own strength. The American annuals do not profess to be the works of the most finished or most accomplished writers of this country. They should not be taken as specimens of what our literature is, but as indications of what it may one day be. They are not the matured fruits, but the bright promise and blossoming of genius; and thus far they have been an honor to the taste and talent of American writers, and monuments of the swift progress of our artists towards excellence in their profession. Whoever first started the idea in England, must have been a man of beautiful and enlightened mind. *Souvenirs* as they are at present edited, are intended for the type and memorial of affection. They are produced at that season of the year, which old Time himself has devoted to the service of mirth, good feeling and good fellowship. The time which ancient custom has dedicated to the meeting and enjoyment of long absent friends, the time which we all hail from the depths of winter, as the only bright period in the dreary year when true hearts and kind spirits can throw off the cares and heart burnings which have beset them during its lapse, and extend the hand of fellowship before they part again on their weary and opposing paths. As the pilgrims of the wilderness meet for a few short hours in friendship around the fount of the desert, each again to part, each to oppress his weaker neighbor, and fall in his turn under the power of the stronger.

Christmas and New Year are the days when the chilling coldness of the season is to yield to the warming influences of the heart. They are the days when St. Nicholas deals out his rewards and punishments, according to the merits of his smiling protégés. They are in sad truth, the only remnant of the times when 'merrie England, was blessed with its guardian fays and brownies ; they are the only days in this era of philosophy and unbelief, when the elves are permitted to escape from their frosty prison houses, to gladden the world,

' And make good sport
With ho ho ho.'

They are indeed the days of romance, and in its spirit should they be welcomed. And thus, thanks to our native industry, they are and will be received. The pleasant ties of affection shall be rendered more dear by their connexion with refinement of taste, their bonds shall be more firmly sealed by the impress of literature. Belles lettres may now form a part of education. The beau ideal of the imagination may be reduced to the reality of life.

The present state of our annual literature is undoubtedly calculated to improve, and, as the necessary consequence, to elevate the moral character of the land. We cannot, on this side of the ocean, either see or appreciate the effects of the goodness and genius of past times on the human mind. To gaze on the living marble, or to converse with the speaking canvass, is not yet our fortune. We can hear of them but as the bright things of earth, the conception of which has done so much to raise human genius above the level of every day plodding and selfishness. But farther than this, they are to us a sealed book. Our time of perfection in the fine arts is yet to come. We have our place among the nations in dignity and in power, but we cannot expect to equal for centuries those realities of genius which shine so rarely and so brightly in the history of the world. We must not expect to attain, in the period of a single life, the honors which time has preserved as the labor and glory of the world from the earliest antiquity. We know not when, nor over what happy land the star of genius will next arise ; but well may we hope that it will be our own. Other nations have slumbered ages away, before being awakened by its light. True it is, that the first gleams of civilization and taste, found Homer ready to follow as soon as they enlightened the way, and even to anticipate and marshall their progress by the burning light of his own intellect. But the muse of Virgil and of Horace revelled under their noon-tide splendor, and the genius of Shakspeare wild as it was, was fostered amid the refinements of society and learning. But our time will come. In the progress of improvement, we have already done what has cost other nations centuries of time. In the meanwhile, we must content our-

selves to use those means of improvement which native talent has secured to us. We shall still go on improving, as we discover the means and our capacity for applying them. Already has the theory of the inferiority of intellect in the western world been exploded by facts and observation. The literary men of Europe are willing to look with respect upon our exertions. We do not consider this as a matter of favor on their part; we do not think that they have given us credit for our good works in advance. It is but common justice, common honor, to admit America to her seat in the literary coterie of nations. Her men of genius, her poets, her artists, need no longer fear cold praises or unjust repulse. Their names will be as widely known as those of the leading spirits of the older countries; they will not be the property merely of their native land, they will be as much the heritage of the civilized world, as those to whom its pure homage is already paid. Such is the prize which we have a right to strive after. Such is the meed which we shall one day obtain.

American authorship has been subjected to much ungenerous criticism. Whatever may be the present state of our literature, its reputation is based upon its own proper merits. It may have possibly been that we have written too fast for our own fame, that we have sometimes missed the reputation which we might have obtained, by straining at something beyond our reach. It may have been that in striving for the glittering shade we have lost the more useful substance. But the error is a noble one. We seldom attain as high as we wish to reach in our setting out in any pursuit. What we would be is a fanciful beau ideal, which goes as far beyond what we can be as the imagination is more extensive than our real power. The one holds out rainbow hopes, which still recede as we go onward; the other secures the real benefits which lie scattered on the way. We may not, we cannot ever reach the former, but the farther we go on, the more of the reality shall we be possessed of.

Let sarcasm do its worst. Its shafts will not always penetrate, and when we reflect by what unskilful hands they are pointed, it may not be thought surprising that they so often fly wide of the mark. Those who have never experienced the toils of authorship themselves, pretend to give their dicta to the public as the standard by which literary merit may be tested, forgetting, sure, that exertions which men are unacquainted with cannot properly be appreciated by them. We hold this rule to be particularly true with regard to literature. We hold it to be evident that no one can be a literary critic who has not been in some degree an author. It is true that when we are passing that judgment upon the things around us which every man is apt to conceive in his own mind, we set up our own capacities as the standard of comparison, for naturally a man is not inclined in his own opinion to debase himself below or exalt himself above

his fellow men. Vanity and self-contempt are, we think, alike unnatural. They are the extremes into which diffidence and self-respect are liable to lead us. We praise or condemn the efforts of other persons according as they exceed or fall below this supposed level of our own equality. But in cases in which we can have had no experience of a similar kind, although we may undoubtedly form a private opinion, yet we should not take it upon us to give a public decision. It so happens however, that in these days of enlightening, there are few persons who do not consider themselves entitled to a place on the roll of the brethren of the quill, and this is their defence, their apology for attacking each other; and, setting envy out of the question, they will judge according to the above mentioned principles of human nature. They will consider in the discussion of new publications, whether it would have been a matter of ease or difficulty to have accomplished any work of a similar sort. They will examine whether such numbers would have flowed easily or labored sluggishly from their own train, and accordingly will be their sentence. They will of course leave out of the question the different power of mind between themselves and the object of their examination. They will perhaps be candid enough to admit that the difference exists, but console their pride by saying that it is in degree only, and not in kind. And they are right. He who has gained the summit of Parnassus is warmed by the same sun of genius that sheds its rays upon his humbler brother who is toiling at its first ascent. The only inequality consists in the varied power which the genial ray will have upon him who, standing in the higher and purer atmosphere, feels its full influence, and upon him whom it can only reach after passing through the obscurity of the clouds and mists which encircle and darken this nether earth. But with all these differences of situation, the two extremes of dulness and intellect are sometimes brought to a fancied level. Every man who ever pretended to the name of "scholar," however Bæotian may have been his intellect, has at times poured something from his thoughts *currente calamo*; and the most brilliant minds are sometimes compelled to ponder for hours over a pamphlet intended but to apply to the fleeting passions and prejudices of the day. The resemblance too between the effusions of talent and the dross of stupidity may be striking; as strong points of similarity may frequently be found between the most contemptible and the most exalted objects in existence. Such are the materials and such the causes of most of the newspaper censures on modern literature.

Ill-natured criticism however will not do much harm. If worth noticing at all, it will attract public attention to the object of its malignity, and the truth will become more certain. There is not that barrenness in modern literature which paragraph-mongers would

have us to suppose. The poetry, the song of the present day is not unworthy of the times or the pens of our fathers in literature. The spirit of Apollo is still a quickening one among us. The mind of man is a soil as productive of the noble and beautiful as ever—perhaps more so. It has been improved by the experience of past ages, and if fault there be, it is owing to its increasing fertility, rather than to its barrenness, that luxuriant weeds and inferior vegetation have sprung up and covered from the view of superficial observers the gay flowers and rich harvest which lie beneath them.

K. K.

SUGGESTED BY FISHER'S PICTURE OF "THE OUTLET."

THE Painter slumber'd with a summer wind
 Blowing upon his cheek, and in his ear
 The lulling changes of a running brook,
 That from his feet crept glidingly away.
 By him the loose leaves lay whereon were dash'd
 His rapid pencillings, for he had been
 Looking on nature with his earnest eye,
 Since the first blush of daylight, and her spells
 Had wiled him on unconsciously till noon
 Came stealing on his weariness with sleep.
 'Twas but to dream. The waking ravishment
 Of form and color with a looser chain
 Lay on his slumber, and the beautiful things,
 Ever the same upon the waking eye,
 Changed in the phantom likenesses of sleep,
 And, with the grace of fancy, into fair
 Sweet pictures of his own creation fell.

They were all scenes of summer. One was there
 Rich in the fullness of the leafy June.
 The mountains in the distance caught the light
 With a voluptuous mellowness shed down
 Through the cleft openings of a sky of cloud,
 And, in a lap of a delicious green,
 Water, bright water, like a mirror lay,
 Spreading its silver bosom to the hills,
 And mocking like reality the slopes
 Upon its edges, and the indolent curl
 Of smoke, ascending from the hunter's fire.
 Declivities luxuriant with all
 The summer's wealth on either side arose,
 And, in the midst, reposing in a soft

And delicate light, a nearer landscape lay,
Drawn with the witchery of a master skill.
A stream cours'd through it rapidly, whose banks
Clusters of maples shadow'd, and the cool,
Living transparence of its troubled wave
Fell with a sense of bathing on the eye.
A group of girls upon its margent stood,
Startled by passing hunters, and the dogs
Cours'd through the emerald grass, and the tall trees
Lifted their massy foliage to the sky,
And every leaf look'd stirring, and the dash
Of the swift waves was almost audible.
And so the dream departed, and a smile
Stole o'er the painter's countenance, and then
He settled to his rest and dream'd again.

THE EXILE.

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

THE French Revolution threw upon our shores many interesting varieties of the French character. Equality of rights seemed, in those times, to have produced nothing but an equality of wrongs. Emigration was the only remedy that offered to the possessors of light heels and heavy hearts, and, while the train of exiles was swelled by dukes and princes of the blood, it was often marshalled along by valets and dancing masters. Nor was this medley unnatural. The efforts of the agitators were directed to the prostration of the old system, whether upheld in the drawing rooms of Versailles, or suspected in the coffee houses of Paris. Thus it often happened, that the humblest citizens, whose opinions were favorable to the ancient state of things, became, from that circumstance, the objects of proscription. A breath, a whisper for the royal cause, turned the scales of the French goddess, while the disturber of their equipoise felt at the same instant the point of her sword pressing rudely against his breast. A thoughtless expression, often gave a man the most fatal celebrity. The mouth that one moment was stretched with laughter, at the next, 'grinned horribly' upon the bloody pike. Flight was therefore the only security left the unfortunate, and 'the asylum of the oppressed' received its due proportion of the unhappy. Once safe however, and those who had escaped the scene of tragedy, were soon figuring in broad farce or pleasant comedy. The valet who found that our sympathy was graduated by the scale of rank, assumed the name and bearing of his master. His master often finding it impossible to establish his own identity, quietly took up with his own family name, abandoned its

titles, and retreated from further observation. Many ludicrous scenes, many pathetic incidents attended this bouleversement. When, as we sometimes thought, our tears were flowing for the last of a noble line, we afterwards discovered that they had fallen for the woes of a wandering fiddler; and, on the other hand, while we were undergoing the process of a course of French lessons, it was perhaps an Orleans or Dubreisl who was teaching us the story of Telemachus. The lovely Charlotte Le Blanc had well nigh given her hand and fortune to a well dressed lacquey; and our unfortunate friend Count Fortbien, sans credit at his lodging house, accepted with gratitude the heart and home of a rustic heiress.

The incidents we are about to relate are rather of a simpler character than usual, and yet they may amuse those readers, even in this age of startling romance, who retain some quiet corner of their hearts for sympathy and feeling.

As is well known, the Oneida lake was in the direct route of communication between Schenectada and the western waters. The adoption of the policy of the immortal Clinton, and the substitution of a safe and artificial navigation, have almost effaced the recollection of the former tedious mode of travelling. It was a great relief however to the boatmen, when the sinuosities of Wood Creek were safely threaded, and the Lake opened upon their view. All was pleasure, when the merry breeze relieved the crews from labor, and carried them cheerily along the verdant shores and beautiful islands of the Oneida.

At the time of our tale, a neat cabin had risen as if by magic upon one of these oases of the watery waste. Its inmates became at once the objects of speculation and curiosity. A light canoe always lying at the water's edge indicated the fact that its owner was in correspondence with the inhabitants of the main shore, and the shrill voice of a hound was often heard, waking the sleeping echoes in the distant woodlands. Some navigators had sailed, accidentally or designedly, we know not which, so near the island as to have observed much more. They had seen a young woman of surpassing beauty, and habited in a foreign garb, laboring with her own hands, in a little garden. They also reported that the lively notes of a violin were not unfrequently heard by those who had passed by at the hour of nightfall. These circumstances came to the knowledge of a gentleman whose business had called him in that direction, and by their singularity they induced him to pay the island an immediate visit. Motives, honorable to his heart, prompted him to offer his services to its occupants, if upon examination he should find that they were worthy of that attention. Leaving his batteau in a neighboring cove, he went off alone in a skiff, and landed at a short distance from the door of the cabin. The faithful hound gave tongue as he approached, and, as he pleasantly described it—"with a *foreign accent*." In an instant, a youthful looking man, came out with a fusee in his hand, surprise painted on every feature. A female more beautiful than words can describe, rushed after him and caught his arm. "Oh," said the islander, scanning his visitor

from head to foot—"Mille pardons! Monsieur, nos malheurs, ils nous ont rendus craintifs."—"En verite," added the lady, with a smile playing about her mouth, "*c'est ma faute Monsieur. Je suis sa gardienne*"—"Gardienne tutelaire! Madame!" replied the stranger, "And I must beg pardon," he continued, in French, "for interrupting the quiet of your charming retreat. I am fearful, removed as you are from the comforts and enjoyments of social life, that you have sometimes regretted the pleasures of former days. Can I be of *any* service to you? I am Mr. L—— of C—— and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be useful to you. Would to God, I could be as fortunate in tracing the footsteps of one family who since their arrival in America, have completely evaded my pursuit. But pray, whom have I the honor of addressing?" The young man seized his hand, and with the air of one accustomed to courts, presented him gaily to the lady, as, "*La Dame du Lac, mais autrefois, la Comtesse Genevieve St. Hilary!*" "Heavens!" cried the stranger, "can it be possible? Do I indeed behold the daughter of Clairmont? Is it in the wilds of America, that the Belle of the Quartier St. Germain holds her levée? The lady and her husband looked astonished. "Do you not remember me?" said the gentleman; "have you forgotten the Champs Elysées and the fête given in honor of your birth day in which I participated so largely as your father's American friend. Thank Heaven I have found you at last, and yet how strange are the circumstances that have brought me hither."

The lady seemed awakened from a dream, but instead of returning the cordial pressure of the stranger's hand, threw herself upon her husband's arm and wept. "*Ah mes amis!*" cried she, "*Ah chere France! Adieu, Je ne te reverrai jamais—tout est perdu—tout est perdu!*" The husband while he endeavored to soothe her distress, overwhelmed the stranger with his thanks, and the latter "albeit unused to the melting mood," found the plaintive tones of her voice, and the unaffected expressions of her grief followed in spite of himself by some natural tears. At this moment the awkwardness of the scene was relieved by the young man's entreaties, that he would accompany them to the hut. As they moved onward, the stranger intimated as delicately as possible his plan for their immediate removal. He enlarged upon his obligations of gratitude to the father of the fair Genevieve, at the same time representing the necessity of their accepting his offers, as a matter not admitting even a discussion. The conversation was for a time interrupted as they reached the door of the cabin.

The Countess, stepping lightly before, received them as they entered. "I am ashamed," said she, "to have behaved so rudely; but here I throw away my griefs, to play the lady mistress of this hotel. You are welcome, my dear friend, although our mansion is somewhat straightened since you were last a guest of the family. But sit down, and give me an account of the strange occurrence which brings you to the Island. *Quel miracle vous amène donc ici, Monsieur.*"

Mr. L. then informed them of the nature of the business which had led him so far into the interior, and related the stories, he had heard on his way up the lake of which they were the unconscious subjects. He expressed his happiness at having found the very persons about whom he had been so deeply solicitous, and ended by offering them an asylum under his own roof, and the society of a family who would be devoted to their comfort.

During the impressive silence which followed his remarks, the visitor had leisure to look about him. The cabin was of the rudest materials. It was evidently the work of its inmates, with the exception of a rude window and an ill constructed chimney, which some artizans from the neighboring settlement had doubtless fabricated. The furniture consisted of a few chairs, a few articles for the table, and a rough couch on which were carelessly thrown the skins of some wild animals. A genuine cremona hung on a nail near the chimney, and a cracked toilet glass over a tottering stand in the corner. The eye was almost instantly attracted from these, however, to a small box of inlaid satin wood, which stood near the glass, half opened, and was resplendent with jewels of gold and bizarreries of silver. A few trunks, secured by heavy brazen bands, were arranged about the room and completed its brief inventory, save that a silver tankard curiously chased, and, like those sometimes seen in pictures of still life, stood upon the hearth keeping company with a tin cup filled with boiling milk, and by its fragrant odor proclaiming the intended refreshment of *Café au lait*.

"You look about you," said the Count, "and well you may. Yet we have resided here for many months, and scarce know how we reached this lonely spot. The treachery of our countrymen, and the horrid crimes we have witnessed have almost led us to doubt the existence of social virtue. These alone have driven us to solitude. But you shall know all. It is to a friend that we commit the story of our wanderings.

"My Genevieve had scarce made me happy with her hand, ere the frightful scenes of the revolution commenced. We flattered ourselves that the concessions of the King to the people would lead to mutual confidence, but the Poissardes desired blood and not tranquillity. The father of the Countess did not live to witness its greatest atrocities. Happily he did not anticipate the ruin of his estates, or the sufferings of his daughter. We retreated as soon as possible to the western coast, where I had a retired country seat, but in our haste the most valuable of our personal effects were left behind. Indeed the attempt to convert them to money would have led to our detection, and the assignats which we should have received in exchange were already worthless even in the eyes of their inventors. That casket is all we can call our own, and its value has been greatly diminished, by its having been for a long time our only resource. With that we fled to England, in a small fishing vessel which hovered on the coast for the purpose of speculation. At Cowes where we landed, a Dutch vessel touched on her passage to New York. In her we em-

barked for America. On our arrival we found so many of our countrymen, that our means would not allow us the pleasant relief of even occasional intercourse. We departed with the intention of penetrating to some French settlement in the West, where we might remain until the storm had blown over. Genevieve's health permitted no such effort. When we had travelled thus far, this island attracted us by its beauty, and here we resolved to found a new Arcadia. Occasionally I visit the nearest settlement, to part with such ornaments as are least valuable, and I regret the necessity of my absence more than the evil of our wants. In our little garden we work with our own hands, and when the weather is fine we roam over the island, or fish. That violin is our evening amusement. Genevieve's voice responds to its accompaniment, and even at my unskilful touch it awakens recollections which for a moment restore us to our home and country.

"I have been fearful that the loneliness of our situation, and our solitary mode of life, might sometimes lead to suspicions, unfavorable to our characters. We are much nearer the frontier than we at first supposed, but here we have lived, Genevieve and I, happy in our mutual passion, and waiting that change in the affairs of our government, which will recall us from poverty and exile to the saloons and circles where we were once so happy and so gay."

When he had finished, the visitor seized the hand of the Countess, and urged her not to delay their departure for a moment. "The hospitality I have shared in your father's house shall in all but its splendor, be returned in mine. Come, my batteau is close at hand. We ourselves can easily remove the most valuable of your goods. Come, on the banks of the Hudson you shall await the return of tranquillity and the restoration of your fortune."

We leave to the imaginations of our readers the surprise and gratitude which manifested themselves in the conduct of the youthful pair. After having made the obvious objections which delicacy and the fear of a too easy compliance naturally inspired, they accepted the invitation and prepared to bid adieu to the island.

In a few minutes they embarked in the skiff, and in the canoe which was fastened to it behind, the hound, the cremona, and the tankard were placed together. Every other article of furniture was abandoned to its fate.

The island was soon left behind them, and its identity gradually lost in the surrounding scenery. The suddenness of this arrangement, as it afterwards turned out, gave rise to many conjectures among the residents on the lake shore. That the islanders had been murdered and thrown into the lake, was believed by some—that they had run away, was as firmly credited by others. At first, the cabin was not molested by the superstitious boatmen, who saw, as they fancied, an occasional light flitting along the beach, or heard the voice of the hound in the murmuring night wind, or the tones of the violin uttering sounds most musical and melancholy. The dealer in jewelry, who, by virtue of his science as a blacksmith, thought silver and gold

high, at double the price of old iron, and had made many a good bargain out of the Countess's jewels, cursed his stars when he heard they were gone; and never ceased lamenting that he had not made his fortune out of "that 'ere bloody Frenchman."

* * * * *

Time rolled on, and the strange events which had convulsed Europe were succeeded by comparative repose. One morning in the year 1803, I was on the Pont Neuf at Paris viewing the crowd which constantly assembles there, venders of nicknackery and lemonade, and customers who resort thither to purchase the small wares of itinerant industry. A number of Americans had met there by appointment to witness an experiment, since crowned with splendid success in our own country. Fulton, the protégé of Barlow, was about making a second attempt to navigate the Seine with a small steamboat. It was presently seen coming along with tolerable speed. We were all proud of the ingenuity of our countryman, and were intently gazing upon this specimen of his talent, when a dashing equipage came rolling along, and drew up near the place where we stood.

"*Eh bien,*" said a lovely woman in the prime of life, who was seated on the back seat of the carriage, "*Voilà! moncher, voilà le bateau à vapeur de notre Fulton—cela est étonnant, ne'st ce pas moncher.*"

"*Oui, Oui,*" replied the gentleman who sat next her, and on whose breast a red ribbon was displayed, though unostentatiously, "*Oui ma Genevieve, mais ou est notre ami Livingston?*"

I started as if awakened from a dream. I looked intensely anxious, to catch the lady's eye. I succeeded. I marked its sparkling joy, and in an instant I had left my wondering companions and was at the side of the fair Genevieve, and the Count St. Hilary. Our mutual adventures were quickly related. I learned that fortune had at last smiled upon the interesting exiles. They were once again in affluence and ease, and as one who had known them intimately on the banks of the Hudson, I was immediately the object of their marked attentions and unvarying friendship. I was soon, very soon, although quite an undistinguished traveller, in the enjoyment of a brilliant society, and the received guest in a circle never, never to be forgotten.

c.

SAUL. A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SAUL. The sun hath sunk at last! and out-worn day,
Like a tired courier at the set of even,
Stables his viewless coursers 'gainst the dawn:
Lo! how his bright robes flutter to the air,
Crimson and purple, seam'd with gallant gold,
As he unbars the chambers of the west;
And sober Night over his gorgeous couch

Lets fall her shadowy veil, and the rich tints
 Melt into twilight gray ; and the loud wind,
 That lay so hush beneath the blaze of noon,
 Hath rous'd himself again, and, all unfurl'd,
 The mighty pinions of the strong north-west
 Go forth to meet the coming of the moon,
 Riding in beauty on the vaulted blue,
 Throned upon clouds and charioteer'd by winds—
 Fixing the uplifted eye on her sweet face
 And winning wandering bosoms back to thought.
 Thought—thought—I dare not think ! There was a time,
 E'en when I kept my father's peaceful flocks,
 And wander'd with Judea's stately maids
 On Jordan's verdant banks—when every day
 Brought some fresh joy as innocent as sweet,
 And every night with it, untroubled sleep
 Fell like the dew of Hermon ;—all are gone ;—
 And the old man who bless'd my nightly dreams,
 Glad in the favor of the God he served—
 Would he now know his guilty—guilty son ?
 A king !—but, oh, how fall'n ! give me the time,
 Ere this uneasy crown wearied the brows
 Which then could love the touch of sportive fingers
 Dallying amid its ringlets : ah, that time
 Will come no more forever, and this brow
 Would mock at dalliance, faded as it is ;—
 And bent and worn and wasted is the form
 Which won this idle pageantry of pomp,
 When the assembled tribes shouted ' A king !'
 But where are they, whose days grew up with mine,
 The young who lov'd me, and the old who bless'd ?
 Gone—gone—the fathers to their graves—O, would
 That there were pleasant slumber—and the sons,
 Even at my palace threshold—no, by heaven !
 They dare not curse me—but, lost man, the God
 Whom I forsook, forgot—forgets me now ;
 Now when mine enemies are hard at hand,
 Nor answers he the prophets or my prayers,
 Nor the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler
 Will aid or guard me in the coming fight.
 Yet will I perish like a king :—the slaves
 Who follow or oppose, shall never see
 Remorse, despair or fear. I do not fear—
 I will not—cannot fear.

O, my dark soul !
 Since heaven has left me, I must stir up hell !
 And truly 'tis a most propitious season,
 For a deep change is passing over nature,

Like that upon my spirit, and the clouds,
 Coursing each other by the staring moon,
 Look wild, as if the powers that rule the winds,
 Waving their fearful locks, were all abroad,
 And up, beyond Gilboa mutter'd thunder,
 Terribly answers to their gusty shout,—
 Yet must I on—on !

(*The Witch's House.*)

SAUL. (*disguised*) Thou who dwellest mid the dread
 Things of dim futurity !

Hast thou power to break for me
 The slumbers of the silent dead ?

WITCH. Dost thou ask to pierce the gloom
 Round the unrelenting tomb,
 Knowing not the fierce command
 Saul hath issued long ago,
 Cutting off, with one strong blow,
 Witch and wizard from the land ?

SAUL. Yet thou hast the power to call
 Him whom I shall name to thee,
 And I swear by that decree
 Harm nor blame shall come from Saul,
 If an hair of thine shall fall,
 God do so and more to me :
 Wake the spell as best you may,
 Call up Samuel :—

WITCH. —I obey.
 Sleeper with the silent—hear !
 Pardon me that I presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb,—
 Spirit of the dead, appear !

(*Pause.*)

Foiled :—the second spell is stronger :—
 By the magic of the time,
 By the mighty mutter'd rhyme,
 Keep thy sullen rest no longer ;—
 By the power that's given to me,
 Lo ! I charge thee to come near—
 Mortal, take thy form of clay !
 Spirit of the dead, appear !

(*Pause.*)

Foiled :—the third is strongest still.
 By the spells of good and ill,—
 By the things that ride the blast,—
 By the things that need the night,—
 By the deeds that love the light,—
 By the future and the past,—

By the power thou wottest of,
Once again, I charge thee, doff
The shrouded slumber of the tomb,—
Once again thy mortal form
Rescue now from dust and worm ;—
Once again, I charge thee come !

SAMUEL. Why hast thou disquieted,
King ! the slumber of the dead ?
Is to-day so void of sorrow
That thou graspest at the morrow ?
Lo ! the answer of the tomb ;—
' Heavier fate and darker doom :
Since thou hast forsaken heaven,
By thine own thoughts be thou driven :
Trust in God no more for aye,
Be thine own support and stay.
Yet O monarch ! hear the worst :
Left of God, of man accurst,
Ruin waits to overwhelm
Child and crown and life and realm :
Past thy reign, thy battles done,
No to-morrow's setting sun,
King of Israel ! shalt thou see,—
Thou and thine shall be with me.'

LETTERS OF HORACE FRITZ, ESQ.

NO. II.

My last letter to you, Tom, ended with our passage up the Cayuga. Ithaca is not immediately upon the lake. It lies in a lap of hills, a mile from the landing. It is too flat to be picturesque, except from an elevated position, but it is laid out prettily, and many of the houses have a look even of opulence. There are admirable situations for building upon the side-hills, and when the inhabitants begin to get over the business-fever of the West, and build for beauty as well as shelter, it is to be hoped they will improve their natural advantages, and make the town what it might be, one of the prettiest in the western country. We found a hotel, ornamented, as is common at the West, with piazzas, and presenting altogether a very imposing exterior. It was sufficiently so at least, to alarm Job, who is annoyed by the obsequiousness of the servants at such places, and cannot get over his respect for the well-tied cravat and Adonis head

which not unfrequently present themselves in answer to his timid pull of the bell-wire. I sometimes think the rascals take the humor of his character, for they serve him with an air of quizzical devotion which draws from his simple-hearted generosity a fee equally disproportioned to their desert and his ability. We secured comfortable rooms, but the supper was villanous. The table was black with flies, the coffee was an irreverent misnomer, and I felt obliged, notwithstanding Job's entreaties for mercy, to inflict upon the damsel who officiated at the side-table the old but salutary discipline of requesting that the hair and the butter might be put upon separate plates. There is a more unpretending public house on the opposite side, and from a glance I got in passing, of a sanded floor curiously swept, and a flower-pot in the second story, indicating taste in the landlord's daughter, I recommend it to you in preference to its more showy rival.

I was awoke the next morning by the ringing of bells. Job sat by the window with his white cravat tied with unusual care, reading his Bible, and I presumed without farther evidence that it was Sunday. One is particularly liable to forgetfulness upon this point on a journey. At home I feel as if I should know the day from its very atmosphere. There is a hush and a pervading repose in the Sabbath morning which seems peculiar to it, and which reproves you like a presence, for a violation. But away from accustomed associations the charm is broken. The looking after accommodations, the paying of servants, the fatigue, the bustle of the hotel, and, more than all, the absence of that feeling of decent cleanliness which has so much to do with devotion, crowd your week-day impressions constantly upon you, and you cannot realize it. Besides, there is nothing like a New-England observance of the Sabbath at the West. The stage-coaches are coming in and departing as on any other day, and the lower classes of people are lounging about their doors or clustered at the corners of the streets. Not a traveller in a thousand thinks of lying by, and if in the vicinity of a fall or any object of curiosity, the coaches are even more in demand on that day, and provision is made as a matter of course for a greater number of visitors. It is true that a great proportion of these travellers are from New-England—but it only proves that moral obligation is at least very much assisted by circumstances, and that the principle is not strong enough to sustain itself against general custom and example.

In the course of a morning ramble, I discovered that there was a camp-meeting at a short distance from town, and by a promise to Job that I would go to church with him in the afternoon, I persuaded him to accompany me. We started as the last bell was ringing. People were flocking out from every quarter in every possible variety

of dress and deportment, and there was of course no difficulty in finding the place of encampment. It was beautifully chosen. The temporary pulpit was erected in the depth of a magnificent wood, high up on the side of the mountain, and the congregation, already immense, were seated on rough benches placed in a crescent around. It was certainly the most majestic place of worship I ever entered. June was in its pride, and the deep shadow of the wood was unpenetrated by a ray of sunshine, and the immense trunks of the forest trees, tall and bare, and supporting, like a wrought roof, the immense masses of foliage growing only on their tops, looked (they always did look so to me) like the pillars of a superhuman temple. I have wondered less since, Tom, at the high enthusiasm of the Covenanters. The effect, the mental elevation of the scene is prodigious. It is impossible, at any time, to enter a dark old wood without a feeling of awe, but to stand under its deep shadows in the midst of an immense congregation of people, assembled so, as it were, in the more immediate presence of God, with a single human voice praying out audibly in its awful stillness—positively it seems to me a height of sublimity which the pomp of a cathedral, with its arches and pealing organ, and all the circumstance of artificial grandeur, cannot even approach. Job fell on his knees with the rest of the multitude, and would listen to none of my criticisms. In justice to my piety, however, I must say that I made no attempt at arresting his attention till the voice of the preacher, which was low and impressive at first, assumed a screaming and disgusting rant, which effectually destroyed my solemnity. After the prayer was concluded, I got Job up, and insisted on making the circuit of the congregation. The men and women were divided, but there was a line of contact where, with proper discretion, one might speak with the “sisters,” and under cover of Job’s physiognomy, the gravity of which, I was sure, would pose the most suspicious of deacons, I succeeded in insinuating myself between a square, straight-haired fellow, and a dove-eyed sister, who was rocking her pretty figure to and fro with an air of particular devotion. I commenced an acquaintance by offering her my *bonbonniere*, (the only time, Tom, that my liquorish tooth was ever pressed into the service of philosophy) and soon found that I could out-charm the exhortation. It was a mere experiment upon the sincerity of the flock, and without pretending by any means that it was a specimen of the whole, I give it to you as it occurred, and you may draw your own inference. We staid through several addresses, but I looked in vain for the “Macbriar” eloquence. There were one or two sensible, plain men among them, but those who suffered themselves to get excited, grew disconnected and extravagant, and soon lost sight of both reason and logic. I became weary of it long before it was over, and as, principle aside, my friendship

for Job would not allow me to distress him by irreverence, I found the preservation of a grave perpendicular upon a rough board for three long hours a matter of doubtful edification.

The next morning, after getting the proper instructions, we started on an excursion for the picturesque. The formation of this part of the State is very peculiar. The Lake Country, as it is called, is a large tract embracing the Cayuga, the Seneca, and one or two smaller lakes, lying several hundred feet below the general level. The whole section was once, undoubtedly, the bottom of an immense lake, whose barrier, on this side at least, was very bold and precipitous. The hypothesis is strengthened by the formation of the hills, and by the fact that all the streams pour over the high level into the valley as a natural basin. The last circumstance lets you at once into the secret of the singularly romantic character of the scenery. The country abounds with creeks, and their descent from the highlands is accompanied with a constant developement of beauty. The declivity is not always immediate, and, in some instances, extends back for two or three miles from the plain; but in every instance the stream is sufficiently violent to have worn deep into the earth, and the untouched and luxuriant vegetation of the banks, overhanging and shadowing the deep courses, adds exceedingly to the effect. We selected one out of the many to which we were directed, to follow up to its source. It was more like threading a cavern than pursuing any matter of daylight. The water was comparatively low, and the rocky bed for a great part of the distance was passable on foot. We found, however, that cascades from ten to twenty feet in height were constantly occurring, and that there were basins to swim and slippery places to ascend—things which could not be done consistently with a taste for dry garments. We stripped ourselves therefore of our hats, shoes, and all unnecessary clothing, and depositing them in a cleft of the rock, commenced our ascent, barefoot and bare-headed. We were well rewarded for our trouble. The course of the creek was shaded for almost the whole distance with trees leaning over and meeting above it, and the atmosphere, shut in from the winds, and scarcely affected by the sun, had the refreshing coolness of a grotto. Falls of water cannot be otherwise than beautiful, and among these there was a splendid variety—some falling with a clear leap like a sheet of glass, and some dashing down a broken declivity, and covering the pool below with a foam of dazzling whiteness. It was fine mineralizing, as you may suppose, among the exposed strata, and Job was irreligious enough to wish for his hammer. If the existence of *Genii Locorum* had been anything but poetry, he would have been annihilated on the spot. We returned a little more rapidly than we ascended by the aid of an early accomplishment of mine which I found some difficulty in

teaching to Job—seat-sliding. The descent upon a smooth school bench, however, was nothing to the velocity given by a slippery rock, polished by water, and we were sent into the deep basins with a violence which Job did not think, after the first experiment, at all worthy of repetition. Necessity and practice, however, reconcile us to all things, and we continued our way, swimming, sliding and walking, till we reached the opening. Our deposit was safe in the cleft, and we concluded our romance as all romance concludes in this working-day world—with a luncheon.

We found many other beautiful spots about Ithaca, one particularly which I will mention because it is near the town, and you may not, with your indolent habits, be disposed to go far for the picturesque. It is called Fall Creek, and is in sight of the road to the lake. You will find it extremely beautiful. I will not inflict upon you descriptions of the remainder of our loiterings about this place, and with an injunction to you to put down Ithaca as one of the sections of the West most worthy attention, I leave it.

Upon sounding Job, I found that, like me, he cherished a tender recollection of the Canal, and we again turned our faces northward. We had made the passage of both lakes, and as there was no excuse but indolence for taking the boats, I consented, though most unwillingly, to suffer by the stage road which passes between them to Geneva. No incidents occur now-a-days in land travelling. We made the journey with the usual patience of those who travel for pleasure, and of course have a prerogative of getting angry at every thing which interferes with their intention, and without any occurrence on the way to start a remark from Job, (except that the half-way town is called Ovid, upon which he made the expected classical observation,) or a single passenger worth quizzing or talking to, we were set down once more at Geneva.

The names throughout this region are, by the way, rather more classical than usual for a back-woods nomenclature. I cannot conceive, unless the naming of the towns was committed to a convention of schoolmasters, how it should have happened that Ithaca, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Aurora, and Bellona, should be the names of towns all adjacent to each other. Pray suggest it to Dr. Mitchell as a subject for an essay.

The next day we were upon the Canal again, gliding on with its luxurious and imperceptible motion. Job's good humor and loquacity increased with our advance, and once more I remitted my vow against future wanderings, and felt travelling to be a pleasure. We soon reached the "Embankment"—one of the many evidences on this canal of the prodigious enterprise and perseverance of its projector. It is a ridge two miles in length, and seventy or eighty feet high, built across the valley of the Irondequoit creek. You cannot

realize without seeing it, the immense labor it must have required. The views from the boat into the valley are like those from a chain of hills. The tops of the tallest trees are below you, and it is difficult to believe that you are passing over an elevation which has been raised by human industry. You will probably find no mention of it in Job's journal. He was so absorbed in the beauty of the valley through which the creek comes down, that he had no eye for artificial wonders. It was indeed a pass of uncommon loveliness—winding in among the hills in the way that tempts one's imagination to follow so irresistibly. Job sat in the cabin window repeating passages from the Faithful Shepherdess, with an air which might have suited Perigot himself. They were not mal-apropos to the scene, as you know, and indeed the whole aspect of the place was like the description of Clorin's retreat :—

"No way is trodden—all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot ; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness."

Job was scarce willing to go on without exploring it, but there was no trace of civilization in the neighborhood, and with every disposition to be romantic, I have a propensity for food and lodging which has grown into a habit, and I felt compelled, however uncourtously, to refuse him the indulgence.

Ten miles beyond we entered upon the superb Aqueduct over the Genesee at Rochester. It is constructed to lead the canal across the river, a distance of about three hundred yards. The structure is magnificent. Eleven arches of solid stone sustain it, supported by buttments and piers, based on the rocky bed of the river. The sensation of floating across a bridge so high above a broad and rapid stream is very singular. There is but one thing to qualify the admiration bestowed upon this splendid monument of enterprise. The outer path for foot passengers is left without a railing ; and, aside from the ordinary insecurity of such a way, the whippletree to which the tow line is attached would endanger the life of a person passing in the opposite direction. The evil is too palpable, however, to remain long without a remedy.

Rochester, as you know, has sprung up like a mushroom. It is a singular phenomenon in civilization. Twelve years ago it was a wilderness broken only by the house and clearing of a single settler. Now it is, in appearance, a city. The streets are broad, with blocks of stone and brick buildings on each side, and the bustle and whole aspect of the place are that of a crowded metropolis. You would not believe its history if you were set down in the midst of it without preparation. Indeed, if it were not for the stumps of trees

still left standing in many places beside the fine edifices, it would be difficult to believe it as it is. In walking about the streets, a house was pointed out to us as the dwelling of the gentleman who founded the place and whose name was given to it. It was just evening and he was himself sitting in the door way—a hale, vigorous looking man, with a fine head, and no mark of advanced age except that his hair was white. There are probably few similar instances of splendid accomplishment of design in the life-time of the author. It must be like a dream to him to look about and witness the changes that have taken place in the short period since he fixed upon it as a location for a settlement. We were told that he was considered the patriarch of the town, and universally beloved and respected. It is one of the few examples of an old age worth living for.

The Falls of the Genesee are but a five minutes walk from the Hotel. They are naturally fine, but the spirit of the place is profaned, and the effect destroyed by the handicraft of that corn-grinding, gain-getting animal, man. There are innumerable mills, and all kinds of unpainted and ill-looking buildings about it, and the refuse boards of the saw mills fill every cleft, and line all around the edges of the natural basin. It is really a pity. The water pours over a broad, flat table of rock, a hundred feet without a break, and as the precipice is caverned away underneath, and the shelf projects far over, giving the sheet a fine relief of dark shadow, there is material for the finest effect of the picturesque. The clatter of mills, however, and the eternal vociferation of these western “half-horse-half-alligator” drivers, effectually distract the spectator, and the scene goes for nothing. Every body talks to you of the fine aqueduct, but you hear no mention of the Fall—a sufficient proof of general sympathy in my impression.

We embarked again in the Packet-boat, and the next morning at day-break were at Lockport. This is the great wonder of the canal. The Mountain Ridge, which it is necessary to pass over at this place, is ascended by five double Locks of stone, constructed with the most finished and beautiful masonry. The Locks themselves are objects of curiosity, but the passage for the next three miles is through the heart of a solid rock 30 feet below the surface. It was a prodigious undertaking, and it stands an eternal and fitting monument of the energy of its projector. There will need no other memorial to keep the name of Clinton forever fresh and imperishable. In the course of the excavation, mineral specimens of uncommon brilliancy and size were taken from the limerock. You well remember, of course, the splendid geode of crystals obtained here, now in the college cabinet. There is a small building by the Lock-house where we were told minerals were peddled, but the sun was not up,

and there was no living thing visible except a squirrel "of color" (the first black one I had ever seen) hung up in a wooden cage on the outside of the shop. We were obliged to proceed, therefore, to Job's great annoyance, without minerals. Our progress was increased here to a rate of six miles in the hour, (a velocity which creates too much agitation for the safety of the canal where the banks are of earth) and we were soon out of the rocky pass. Job was tormented continually by the glimpses of crystals we got in passing, too far imbedded in the solid rock, however, to be extracted without too much labor, even if there were time. It is a drawback to the satisfaction of contemplating this noble work that so many lives were sacrificed in the explosions. No blame, we were told, attaches to the engineers. The workmen were principally Irish, and exposed themselves unnecessarily and in spite of constant warning.

Our passage for the remainder of the day was for the most part through the natural, uncultivated wild. The peculiar solitude of the dark old forests is in singular contrast to the elegant arrangements of the packet and the luxurious ease with which you pass. The numerous birds look wild and astonished, and the voice of the driver echoes through the woods, as if it was the first sound that had ever broken the silence. One or two Indians glided out in the course of the day, like shadows of their race, and looked at us for a moment, and there was here and there, at long intervals, a settler's shanty, with mingled groups of pigs and chickens and white headed children about the door. We caught sight of the mother in one or two instances—examples, as I tried in vain to convince Job—of "love in a cottage." Never did I see more disgusting specimens of humanity. Labor seems fitting for man. It ennobles his figure and gives his face an expression of hardy and becoming manliness—but it degrades and brutalizes a woman! I never yet saw a female who had been subjected to severe labor and poverty, whose person was not deformed and misshapen by it, and whose very features had not acquired a disgusting and unnatural expression. It is plainly a dictate of nature that it is not her sphere.

At night it was found that the small cabin would not accommodate all the ladies, and a green curtain was suspended in ours, dividing the room more equally. We drew for hammocks, and Job's was allotted him next the curtain. We went quietly to sleep, but before midnight there was an outcry on the other side of the barrier, and the captain was called in from the deck. The steward followed with his lamp, and, on inquiry for the cause of the disturbance, a thin, cracked voice broke out fiercely from the invisible recess with a charge of intrusion against the gentleman in the upper hammock. Job lifted his head in perfect astonishment. He made no reply, but,

leaned on his elbow with the Barcelona tied over one eye, and his mouth wide open, looking from the captain to the curtain with an expression of ludicrous perplexity. The voice ceased after awhile, apparently more for want of breath than argument, and Job was called on for his justification. He had nothing to say, and would undoubtedly have been expelled from the cabin if it had not occurred to me that the hammock was but five feet long and Job, by any measure seven. It was natural, therefore, that in developing his voluminous person as he went to sleep, he should involuntarily intrude his feet (small farms you know, Tom,) upon the next mattress—and hence the alarm. A knowing laugh from the passengers decided the success of my defence, and with the departure of the lamp we again composed ourselves to our dreams. The trials of the night, however, were not over. Our invisible Xantippe was taken ill, and an old woman whose voice we recognized as one that had annoyed us all the previous day, commenced with the endless succession of unnecessary question and remark which is so particularly soothing to the nerves of the patient. There was a call presently for gin from the bar, and we began to cherish a faint hope of relief. The groans of the sick woman soon ceased, but the old lady who probably was thoroughly waked and had no inclination for sleep, commenced a detail of the sicknesses of her grand-children which lasted till morning. Oh, Tom! such stories as I could tell you now of croup and cholic, quinsy and cholera morbus! I never realized before the full meaning of the Scotch word “crooning”—the low, unvaried, everlasting monotony of an old beldame’s disconnected garrulity.

I arose with the first gray light, vexed and unrefreshed, and went upon deck. It was one of those perfectly pure, heavenly summer mornings which seem sometimes to compensate for the annoyances of a life-time. We were just entering the Tonewanda—a beautiful creek which takes the place of the canal for about twelve miles, and makes a pleasant change from the sameness of the passage. It is in a state of nature, the banks being untouched with the exception of the towpath, and the reeds and water flowers leaning away from the stream on the opposite side in all their wild, native luxuriance. The berries were all in blossom, and the woods on each side were full of gay flowers of every color, and the profuse wealth of the June foliage lay in splendid masses on the trees, in every possible shade of its peculiar and untarnished green. You have no idea of the freshness of the irregular beauty of a wilderness on an eye used to the modified forms of nature in an old country. There is such a prodigality of growth—such a splendid and reckless waste—such worlds of leaves and flowers and magnificent trees thrown away on a desert. It seems wrong to you that they should go on with their glorious changes

year after year, bearing and shedding, unadmired, such treasures of living and luxuriant beauty. Job was melancholy at the thought.

The water of the Tonewanda is very clear, and, in the perfect, death-like stillness of the morning, realized the beautiful impression recorded in Lady Jane Grey's exquisite verse :

"Invisibly bright water ! so like air,
On looking down I feared thou could'st not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And looked again and drew me from the sight,
And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast."

The steersman pointed out to us,—what our unpractised eye would never have discovered, they are so much the color of the bottom,—the large grey pickerel lying perfectly still along the shallow water. Job mercifully bought off the black cook, with a couple of shillings, from shooting at them,—a cruelty which had no possible object but amusement, as he could not stop to secure them. He was not so successful a few minutes after, when an eagle was discovered by one of the passengers perched on the topmost bough of a withered tree. He sat looking at us like a monarch till we were near enough to see the glitter of his eye. The cook came up with his gun, and as he knelt and levelled, the noble bird raised his wings majestically for flight. Job stood watching him with a breathless interest in his escape, and with my eye on the finger at the trigger, I threw him with a sudden push over the black rascal just as he pulled, in the hope of disconcerting his fire. It was of no use. The bullet had sped. Job came down with his long arms on the other side of the negro without disturbing him, and the eagle lay struggling in the rushes of the morass. The steersman hauled the boat along the bank, and he was brought in by his ignoble murderer and thrown triumphantly upon the deck. He was a bald headed eagle, of immense size and power. He struggled fiercely for a few moments, and resisted every attempt to tie him ; but he soon grew weak, and settling on his breast with his wings spread out beside him, he threw back his head proudly, and fixing his eye on the cook, seemed to have determined to die resolutely. It was more like the death of a warrior than an irrational creature. For ten or fifteen minutes he kept his head with visible difficulty in the same lofty position, with his look fixed steadily upon the negro, though the blood was oozing constantly from beneath his plumage, and the occasional quiver of his breast showed that he was suffering severe pain. The passengers had all gathered round him, but nothing could divert his gaze. Presently his neck relaxed, the membranous film crept over his eye, and after a vain struggle to bear up against his weakness and recover his position, his head dropped upon his

bosom. He lay a moment, and the negro rudely kicked him aside. It roused the dying monarch to a last effort. He half rose to his feet, shook his broad wings feebly, and lifting his head again with a convulsive effort to its fullest height, he looked round with a glance of inexpressible fierceness and fell dead. If he had been the hero of a hundred battles he could not have died more nobly. Job was quite affected. He refused the cook his fee with great indignation when he arrived at Buffalo. But adieu, Tom. I shall write you next from Niagara.

Yours ever,
HORACE.

TO A SISTER ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

O SISTER! sister! hath the memory
Of other years, no power upon thy soul,
That thus, with tearless eye, thou leavest me—
And an unfaltering voice—to come no more.
Hast thou forgot, friend of my better days!
Hast thou forgot the early, innocent joys
Of our remotest childhood; when our lives
Were linked in one, and our young hearts bloomed out
Like violet bells upon the self same stem,
Pouring the dewy odors of life's spring
Into each other's bosom—all the bright
And sorrowless thoughts of a confiding love,
And intermingled vows, and blossoming hopes
Of future good, and infant dreams of bliss,
Budding and breathing sunnily about them,
As crimson-spotted cups in spring time hang
On all the delicate fibres of the vine?

And where, oh! where are the unnumbered vows
We made, my sister, at the twilight fall,
A thousand times, and the still starry hours
Of the dew glistening eve—in many a walk
By the green borders of our native stream,
And in the chequered shade of these old oaks—
The moonlight silvering o'er each mossy trunk,
And every bough, as an Eolian harp,
Full of the solemn chant of the low breeze?
Thou hast forgotten this?—and standest here,
Thy hand in mine, and hearest even now,
The rustling wood, the stir of falling leaves,
And hark!—the far off murmur of the brook!

Nay, do not weep, my sister!—do not speak—
Now know I, by the tone, and by the eye

Of tenderness, with many tears bedimmed,
 Thou hast remembered all. — Thou measurest well
 The work that is before thee, and the joys
 That are behind. Now, be the past forgot—
 The youthful love, the hearth light and the home,
 Song, dance, and story, and the vows—the vows
 That we change not, and part not unto death—
 Yea, all the spirits of departed bliss,
 That even now, like spirits of the dead,
 Seen dimly in the living mourner's dreams,
 And trilling, ever and anon, the notes
 Long loved of old—oh! hear them, heed them not.
 Press on! for like the fairies of the tale,
 That mocked unseen the tempted traveller,
 With power alone o'er those that gave them ear,
 They would but turn thee from thy high resolve.
 Then look not back! Oh! triumph in the strength
 Of an exalted purpose! Eagle like,
 Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
 Have but an eye on God, as surely God
 Will have an eye on thee—press on! press on!

Bangor.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

TRAITS OF TRAVEL. *By the author of High-ways and By-ways.*
 Boston: Wells and Lilly. 1829.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS. New York: J. & J. Harper.

A SELECTION FROM THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF THE LATE
 ISAAC HARBY; *to which is prefixed a Memoir.* By Abraham Moise.
 Charleston: James S. Burges.

OURIKA. *A Tale from the French.* Boston: Carter & Hendee.

POEM, *pronounced before the Philermenian Society.* By Albert G.
 Greene. Providence: Smith and Parmenter. 1829.

WE have grouped together the titles of some of the new books upon our table more for the sake of recording their appearance, than for a review. The first two are English productions, and we feel, naturally, less compunction in passing them lightly over. The literature of our own country deserves every attention from us, and we unwillingly consent to let it pass with the slight notice to which we are, sometimes, by a press of matter, compelled.

'Traits of Travel' by Mr. Grattan, is, we think, inferior to his former works of the same description, *High-ways and By-ways.*

There are two or three out of the twenty or thirty tales in it which are capital. The rest, however, are scraps of indifferent story telling evidently brought in to eke out the necessary two volumes. Mr. Grattan seems to have written with a conviction of the scarcity of reasonable and agreeable topics, and the necessity of hunting out material from the most unfrequented and eccentric paths of imagination. His tales are not only out-of-the way, and often unnatural in their conception, but the principles they illustrate are designedly and invariably in opposition to the usual courses. The object of most writers of fiction is to embellish and exaggerate—his is to undeceive, and strip even truth of her necessary covering. His anticipations are all unreal, his romance is always rudely dissipated, his faith in virtue and all good and beautiful traits of nature and mankind is destroyed. He finds nothing as he expected to find it—nothing as it is represented in books or descriptions. Either he abuses the world to be original, or he has a singular incapacity for looking upon its bright side. The most highly wrought story is that of the '*Maison de Santé*,' a private mad house, in which the most harrowing cruelties were practised. One of the patients is a beautiful female, the younger daughter of a French family of rank, who is committed to the doctor for the cure of an illness brought on by opposition to a passion for a young Englishman who is devotedly attached to her. By the contrivance of his enemies he also is brought accidentally to this same house, where it was well known he would be treated with extreme cruelty. At the time of his arrival, the lady is suffering personal punishment from a scoundrel who is associated in the government of the house, and who is infuriated against her for resisting his dishonorable advances. The following passages will give some idea of the manner in which the story is told.

"The young Englishman had suddenly turned out of one of the side walks, leading from the garden-house, close to that wing of the main building where the yellow doctor, or devil, had entered. He held high language with his friend, and evidently expostulated in fluent French, although I could distinguish only the acute English accent of what he uttered, but not the import of his words. But a keener ear, and one more accustomed to the tones of his sonorous voice was close by, to catch enough of the beloved sound, whose faintest whisperings could vibrate through her heart. Just as the Englishman passed under one of the closed windows, the Venetian blinds of which could only exclude his person, but not the speaking evidence of his identity, from the dear object within, a scream, far different from what had, earlier in the evening, thrilled through me, burst from the closed window. I never heard so awful a sound of *joy*. It came deadened through the glass and the slight woodwork of the blinds, with a hushed, yet piercing tone. It made me thrill with mixed sensations of surprise and anxiety, for I at once recognized the voice for that which had before spoken its agony from the bars of the garden-house, and I only knew from it that the poor sufferer had been removed from that horrid place."

"And again the voice did come; but no longer in a stifled scream, as at first.

“ ‘Edward, Edward! I hear you, though I see you not! I know you are there—Oh, come, come quickly up—fly to my help!—the wretch is dragging me from the window!’ A suppressed and smothered utterance of sounds was next heard: but the lover required no more. With an agile bound he rushed into the low portal, and all the observers of the scene were in a moment on the spot. The doctors, Michel, and two other servants, darted past me, and the Englishman’s companion followed them into the house. I hurried with the others up the stairs, and though but partially enabled to understand the relative situation of the two principal actors in this touching scene, I had no hesitation as to the side in which my sympathies were to enlist.

“ When I reached the landing-place, which terminated the ten or a dozen steps of the narrow stairs, I saw a low door, at the right hand, lying open, and the clamor from the little room it led to directed my steps. The scene within was of most painful confusion. The chief doctor, with the dandy, the servants, and the “friend” of the Englishman, were forcing the latter from the embrace of his long-sought mistress. The sallow doctor, and a coarse-looking woman were dragging the beauteous girl from her lover’s closely strained arms. Although they both struggled against their assailants, with force that would have been supernatural had not love braced the sinews of both, they seemed to have no look, no word but for each other. The most impassioned murmurings of rapture came through a din of threats and imprecations, like the hum of flower-enamored bees in the tumult of a thunder-storm!”

“ As soon as we were again beneath the window of the fatal chamber, and that the young man’s voice rose up unobstructed to mingle with her own, the hapless girl, roused to a state of despair and frenzy, made some more powerful efforts to escape from the fiends who held her, and rushed towards the casement from their insufficient hold. This I conjectured, from the frightful evidence that instantly presented itself. A sudden crashing of the glass of the window, and the crackling of the light woodwork of the blind, told of her desperate attempt at escape; and, in a moment, one of her snow-white and beautifully formed arms was thrust through the aperture, lacerated and bleeding from her shoulder to her fingers’ points. The blood streamed from it as though some main artery had been severed, and the crimson stains trickled down the green blinds, and dripped upon the gravelled walk. Nothing could be more appalling than the appearance of that arm, waving to and fro in its sanguined torture, while the choked shrieks that accompanied the movement bore no tone of physical suffering.

“ An exclamation of horror burst from *all* the beholders of this sad sight. It was too much for even the hardened nerves and hearts of the fierce menials: but never shall I forget the anguished groans uttered by the young Englishman; his struggles were Herculean, to elude the sinewy gripe of his four or five assailants. He had but two helping hands to aid his own exertions, and they were insufficient for a time to cope with the odds against them. We were all hurried together, those who dragged and those who resisted, in the direction of the garden-house, the lovely arm still waving through the window-blind, until the white streaks which the stream left at first uncovered, became gradually dyed with red, and a bloody badge of suffering was alone to be distinguished.” vol. i. pp. 74—77.

“ *The Last of the Plantagenets*” is a novel written in a quaint, old fashioned way, upon the common pretence of being an ancient manuscript. It is a story of some interest without any remarkable scenes or very splendid passages. We scarce know what to say of it, as there is nothing which we can abuse downright, and nothing which we can particularly praise. The following description of Richard the Third, the father of the hero, is new to us. His legitimate son, by a private marriage, is introduced to him for the first time in his tent before the battle of Bosworth Field.

“ Great was my disorder at being thus left alone with so noble and exalted a personage; yet do I not speak of his greatness of rank only, but also of his goodly

form and courteous manner ; for that record of him is all untrue, which was written what time the Red Rose prevailed over the White, declaring that Richard was fearful to look upon. He was not, in truth, as one hath of late full slanderously described him, "little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crookbacked, his left shoulder much higher than his right, and hard-favored of visage ;—none of these was he : for though his person were not of the tallest, it was well up to the middle stature of men ; and albeit one of his shoulders *might* be somewhat higher than its fellow, yet he had a shrewd eye who did discover it, and a passing malicious wit who reported it to be a great deformity. As for his face, in good sooth it had none evil expression in it ; though it was marked with much serious anxiety, and was pale and discolored from weariness and an agitated mind, which scared his brief slumbers with fearful dreams, and gave occasion to his enemies to say that he was haunted by a guilty conscience. Nevertheless, his step and demeanor were full of pomp and royalty ; so that it wanted not for any one to say even unto me, though but a simple cloister-bred youth, "that is the King !" since all men might well perceive that he could be of nothing less than the blood-royal, or the wearer of a crown. His habit was the close dress of red velvet which he wore under his armor, surmounted by a blue velvet robe lined with fair ermines, and choicely embroidered with the letter of his name in gold. The blue Garter of England embraced his knee, and the enamelled George thereof, hung to an azure scarf round his neck ; while upon his head he wore a chapeau of red velvet and ermine, which threw his rich and full brown hair back upon his shoulders." p. 39—41.

In the "*Life and Writings of Isaac Harby*" there is much to make us lament that he was not more known to us while living. The different materials of which the book is composed evince a great deal of desultory talent, and a vigorous and discriminating mind. It is a volume of much interest, and we recommend to all lovers of nervous criticism and a strong, healthy style of composition.

"*Ourika*" is a brief story of a negress who was presented by her purchaser to a lady of rank in France, and by her educated. The natural consequences of such misplaced kindness are told with much grace and simplicity. In the introduction is inserted an extract from the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, which expresses a fair opinion of the work. "There is true genius in the conception, and in the painting, which is traced in a manner equally charming and simple—a genius which could only reside in a mind of purity ; and the development is made with so much truth, that even those who may not perceive all its beauties, cannot fail to read it with deep interest."

Mr. Greene's "*Poem before the Philermenian Society*," is a chaste, scholar-like production. His measure has a harmony and correctness of rhythm which is rare among our young poets. We hope he will give us an opportunity to criticise him more at length hereafter. His talent is worth cultivating.

We have received Mr. Paulding's "*Tales of the Good Woman*," but defer a notice of it till we can do it more elaborately. In the meantime we can assure our readers that it is like everything else of its author's, delightful.

Ladies' Magazine.—This periodical, established by Mrs. Hale, and already so extensively known, continues to be sustained with singular interest. It is not a little remarkable that a lady, devoted till within a short time to domestic life in a secluded part of the country, should enter so familiarly into the difficult duties of her present employment, and display as she has done, a most skilful tact as well as a chastened and vigorous talent. It is a tacit appeal to the pride of the sex, and we should do injustice to its generous impulses if we did not believe that it would call forth the substantial encouragement she so well merits.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The state of Europe does not seem, at present, to be pregnant with any great events to affect its tranquillity, except that the storm of war still hovers over its eastern borders. There is no prospect of peace between the Russians and the Turks. But preparations are making to renew the contest with all the force and rage of the past year. Several European powers are desirous of having peace between those two nations; but appearances indicate a determination in the Emperor of Russia to continue the war. If he does, the present year will hereafter be marked as an era of blood; for the fierce Mahomedan will oppose a powerful force to defend his capital and his territory.

There appears to be a perfect acquiescence in the late measure of the British ministry and parliament, in favor of the Catholics. The opposition was warm and obstinate, while the question was pending. But now that it is decided, the opponents of the plan, like loyal subjects, are disposed to submit in good temper. A catholic Duke and several Earls, who were before excluded, have taken seats in the House of Lords.

Portugal, at the last dates, continued in a state of great ferment. There have been fierce disputes between the friends of Don Miguel and the liberal party. That prince appears to be not only a bigot and a despot, but unfeeling and cruel. Many of his opposers have been imprisoned, and many destroyed. The English have appointed a new minister to that country, with a hope to produce a more tranquil state of things—but Miguel is too arbitrary and too obstinate to give up his own views to others. Nothing but a superior force will restrain him.

A great Congress of Philosophers was held at Berlin, September 1828.—A. Van Humboldt presided. The learned president made an address, which was much applauded. Several other papers and memoirs were read. The members of this meeting amounted to

three hundred and seventy-eight. The greater number were Prussians and Germans. England, France, Russia and Naples furnished only one each. Holland, two; Sweden, thirteen; Bavaria, twelve; Denmark, seven; Saxony, twenty-one; Germany, forty-three; Prussia, ninety-five; the City of Berlin, one hundred and seventy-two.

Advantages enjoyed by the Savans in France.—"The naturalists and other scientific men of Paris have great advantages over those of London. The French government devotes a large sum annually, to the support of scientific and literary institutions in the Metropolis. Public lectures on every subject may be attended *gratis*; the most complete museums are of the easiest access. The social meetings at the houses of distinguished individuals, or of public bodies, such for example as those of the Baron Cuvier, the Baron Ferussac, the Athenæum, the Institute, &c. are very frequent; and the intercourse at such meetings is of real use to literary men, because difference of worldly circumstances enters into them for very little or nothing. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that with superior native vivacity and acuteness, and all these opportunities, the French philosophers should be the first in the world."

The inhabitants of the northern provinces of France are said to be by nature, superior to either the English or German; but by education, the influence of government and religion, they generally appear inferior to them. This natural superiority is owing, no doubt, to the climate, which is temperate. If the advantages of education for these people were as great as in England or Scotland, they would probably, be superior as men.

The London Magazine for April contains a biographical notice of Rev. Dr. Chalmers of Scotland. This sketch of the character of this celebrated divine was prepared in consequence of his able and eloquent speech in

favor of the Catholics. It appears to have been written by one intimately acquainted with him—and it gives a somewhat different character of the man from that drawn by some of his admirers. He was always a cheerful christian, fond of social intercourse. He was never sceptical or dissolute, and never could give entire satisfaction to "gossiping malignants," (as he called a certain class of people,) who think it necessary a man must acknowledge that he was once an infidel and a demon, before he can be a saint.

Mr. Canning went in company with Mr. Wilberforce, to hear Chalmers, soon after he came to London: and when the preacher began, he was evidently dissatisfied with him—"This will never do," he said to Wilberforce, in a low voice. But as the preacher proceeded and grew warm and eloquent, Canning observed, "the Tartan beats us; we have no such preaching in London."

The Southern Review, No. VI., was published in May. Many works noticed, had been reviewed in the American Quarterly and the North American; as Franklin's Narrative, Memoirs of Dr. Parr, The Disowned, Wilhelm Meister. It contains an able article on the unconstitutionality of the sedition law of 1798. The writer contends, that Congress cannot justly legislate at all, on the public press, as it is expressly forbidden, by the constitution, from making any laws restraining the freedom of speech and of the press. In the opinion of the writer, any regulation whatever would prove a restraint. He thinks the State Courts have sufficient authority on the subject of libels.

No. X. of the American Quarterly Review was published the first of the present month. It does not contain so great a variety as some preceding numbers; but the hand of a master is very visible in some of the articles. These are, "Discoveries in Central Africa," which give an account of the knowledge of this quarter of the world from the earliest times,—"Milton's Familiar Letters," a rich morceau—"Astronomy of Laplace;" noticing advances on the subject of celestial mechanics made since the time of Sir I. Newton; an elaborate article—"Flint's Geography and History of the Western States," quite interesting—"Chancery Law;" learned, no doubt—"Horne Tooke;" ironical and severe—"History of Pennsylvania;" not of much interest to the people of New-England—"Hosack's Life of Governor Clinton;" an interesting book—"Female Biography;" good for the ladies; some excellent examples of piety, learning and domestic virtue—"Geography of Russia, from M. Brun."

"The Collegians;" or a second series of the Munster Festivals, is said, by the London

Monthly Review, "to be one of the best novels of the present day."—"The scenes and characters described have a freshness and variety uncommonly interesting. The writer leads his readers into highways, which have not been often trodden, and among a people gay and deep-hearted, but not happy," i. e. the Irish.

Encyclopædia Americana. The first volume of this very valuable work will be published, by Carey, Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia, in the following month of July. The whole work will comprise twelve large volumes octavo, and a volume be published every three months. The price is \$2,50 for a volume. It is confidently expected to be both a learned and popular work. It will supersede, in a great measure, the necessity of the more voluminous Encyclopædia.

Books lately published in London:—Ecclesiastical Annals; Divine Origin of Christianity, deduced from evidences not founded in the authenticity of the Scriptures; Calvinism and Arminianism compared, or the doctrines held by the members of the Church of England and of the early Dutch Arminians; History of the Transmission of ancient Books; Life and Opinions of Wickliffe; History of Enthusiasm; Sermons on the Character and Conduct of the Apostles; The Veracity of the Gospels and Acts, argued from undesigned coincidences; Considerations on Miracles; Philosophical Evidence of Christianity, or the credibility of revelation from its agreement with facts in nature; The Comforts of Old Age; History of the Vaudois, and of their Return to their Valley in 1689; Opinions and Writings of Justin Martyr; Life of Archbishop Cranmer; Life of Archbishop Laud, and of his Times; Christianity a progressive scheme; The Leading Principles of Christianity; Sermons on the Lives of the First Promulgators of Christianity; Sermons by the most eminent modern Divines of Germany; Discourses on the state of the Protestant Religion in Germany; Testimonies of the Separate Existence of the Soul, in a state of consciousness, between death and the resurrection; The Last Hours of Eminent Christians; Key to the Old Testament, by R. Gray, a new edition revised; Epistle to the Romans, with a Paraphrase and Notes; On the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul and other parts of the New Testament; Cain, the Wanderer, and other Poems; The Boy's Own Book, a fascinating and valuable volume; The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting-house; Sailors and Saints; The Hope of Immortality, a poem; D'Erbine, a novel of the De Vere class.

An article in the last London Quarterly Review, "On the State and Prospects of

the Country," (England,) is said to give a just view of the political, social and fiscal concerns of that nation. The wants and complaints of the people are great, taxes are high, business is dull, and many are without employment, and their sufferings are severe.—There is a call for some great effort on the part of government, to quiet and relieve the poor.

A dissertation has been lately published by a German, on the authenticity of the letters in the *Maccabees*, which purport to have passed between Areus and Archon, or chief ruler of Sparta. These letters are also quoted by Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian.

According to M. Champollion Jr. there are on the walls of the palace at Thebes some bas-reliefs, which prove that Sheschouk, an Egyptian king, was the conqueror of Judea, in the reign of Rehoboam, about 970 years before the Christian era.

Six young Africans, from the most distant parts of Ethiopia, have lately arrived in France, to be educated and made familiar with the learning, the sciences, and the civilization of Europe. The education of seven Egyptian youth, who have been some time studying in Paris, is proceeding very satisfactorily.

Cambridge University.—After about sixteen months vacancy in the presidency of this ancient Seminary, the Hon. *Josiah Quincy* has been placed in the presidential chair, to the general approbation of the public, and of the friends of Harvard. A new professorship also has been established, in consequence of a donation of Hon. Nathan Dane of Beverly, of \$10,000. Judge Story is elected for the place, with the title of "professor of constitutional, commercial, and equity law."

It is stated in the last Westminster Review, that there are seven daily morning papers, and six daily evening papers published in London. The number of copies of the morning papers is 28,000; which is about 5,000 more than there were seven years ago. Of daily evening papers, about 11,000 are is-

sued. Copies of Sunday papers are stated at 110,000 weekly. In the whole kingdom of G. Britain, it is estimated that 500,000 copies of newspapers weekly are issued; and the census gives 25,000,000 of inhabitants. The daily average of papers is about 18,000. One Sunday paper has 22,000 copies weekly, and is taken chiefly by the lower classes of people. Of the Atlas, a new and very large paper, 20,000 copies were sold on 22d of March. It contained the debates in Parliament on the Catholic question.

Books recently published in the United States.—Tales of a Good Woman; published in New York, and ascribed to Paulding—A Year in Spain, by a young American; published by Hilliard, Gray & Co. of Boston—The Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott; published by Wells & Lilly, of Boston—An additional volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. J. S. Buckminster; published by Carter & Hendee—Specimens of American Poetry, with critical and biographical notices; published by Goodrich & Co.—A View of the Constitution of the United States; by W. Rawle; second edition; published in Philadelphia—A Memoir of the life of the late Governor Clinton, by Dr. Hosack; published in New York—The Last of the Plantagenets—History of Free Masonry—Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of John Mason Good, M. D., a valuable and interesting work; published by Crocker & Brewster—Female Biography, or Memoirs of Illustrious Women of all ages and countries; published in Philadelphia, from the London edition—The History of Massachusetts, from 1790 to 1820; by Alden Bradford; published by Eastburn, Boston.

At the Session of the General Court of Massachusetts, in May and June, no very important measures have been adopted. This is, usually, a short session, and a great portion of business proposed is postponed to the winter session. A State tax of \$75,000 was authorized; which seemed to be necessary to keep up the credit of the Commonwealth. The subject of a Rail Road from Boston to Connecticut River, was referred to the next session.